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KINGS AND QUEENS.

While we were waiting in the Abbey of Westminster for the Coronation hour, while most of my neighbors stood craning their necks and straining their eyes to get a full view of all the peers and peeresses, I remained thoughtful and somewhat awed. My thoughts wandered towards the long line of Kings and Queens who had been crowned in that very same place and came up to that altar, followed by the great men who are their companions in death and in the words of song and history; now their tombs alone were there to witness the glory for which they had toiled and wrought deeds famous and high. Besides, I could not help reflecting on the problems which are now of such deep import, how far the relations between a monarch and his subjects must be ruled by ceremonies and pageants, and whether the symbolism that the Middle Ages have bequeathed to our century, the outward pomp and splendor which surround a sovereign, are really necessary to exalt his grandeur and keep the institution of royalty from decline. Are the emblazoned coats of arms, the long train of courtiers and valets, in some instances invented some three or four hundred years ago, not offensive to the modern eye, even if they only make their appearance on state occasions? Is the real meaning of a crown, resting

on the purple cushion and reverently borne by dukes and lords, as clear to the mind now as it used to be at the time when the golden circlet really was deemed to enclose the vast realms and seas where the King reigned supreme? How should we in a few minutes be able to behold with chastened spirits the sudden resurrection of epochs so long gone by? The demon of democracy appeared to lurk behind each pillar of the stately Church. The Present was about to enter into the lists and would try to thrust the Past into the shadow whence it was endeavoring to come forth; and the battle in our souls promised to be a rough one between tradition and civilization.

Why, we were going to behold royalty environed by all the attributes most sacred and most ancient, by all those signs of power, mortal and divine, that no revolution has yet been able to destroy. Our eager hands, feverish from the labor of raising up new dogmas and new aims, would almost touch one of the strongest links of the long chain whose steadfast sound we have heard along all the halls of memory, and whose iron still binds the Kings to their thrones and the priests to their faith. The apparition would be beautiful indeed of so many things that are doomed not to perish, and yet that we forget and

sometimes even are apt to dally with in act or speech. Yet I felt afraid and I prayed: I prayed the Present not to mar and blight the Past; I prayed my own thoughts to allow me the full comprehension of the scene that I was about to witness; I prayed the bells to sound sweetly, and the singers to sing strains of melody unutterably divine, because the mocking demon of modern days was then behind the pillars and would laugh if we failed to enter into the deep solemnity and pathos of the hour. Everything I had read about the old golden days, about the dames and troubadours and vassals as glorious as their liege, I strove to recall, to become a believer in all the simple creeds that made heroes and saints as numerous as great inventors and learned men are to-day. And as the magnificent vision burst upon our sight—as if upon the leaves of a missal the legends related had awakened to life, as if the dazzling processions painted upon the stained glasses of old cathedrals now glistened and moved before us—we felt completely absorbed in the meaning of the ceremony. We asked not whence came our enthusiasm and joy, and we knew that the Past was victorious, or rather that the Past and the Present now walked hand in hand, were merged in oblivion of antagonism and warfare. All fear had subsided. Civilization that day gave way before tradition. We stopped not to consider how long the victory would last; we were no longer the spectators of an admirable pageant, but we also were like unto the personages who stepped forth from the mists of ballads, romances and dreams, from some gorgeous tapestry framed with foliage and wild beasts, where they had long slumbered with eyes wide open that now looked vividly into our own.

The knights and ladies now were quite real, and moved about with a grace all their own; they accomplished

a duty which had been the same for centuries, and would be celebrated exactly in the same way for a great number of centuries to come. By a strange phenomenon of transposition we began to consider their faces, their voices and steps, as things that belonged to a world far-off indeed, and the inanimate part of their appearance, the costumes, devices, swords and escutcheons, alone vibrated with life intense and deep; far better than words and countenances they represented those who had created them and made them illustrious on battlefield or in the towering feudal castle whose shadows caused the enemy to tremble as he passed beneath the well-guarded turrets and heard the sound of tournament and revelry stir the strong walls. Even more than the blood and demeanor of the lords who wore them, these costumes and signs of ancient birth bore testimony to the merit of ancestors who had won the right to wear them proudly by the generous display of valor and blood, of wisdom and good faith. No, the rustling of the long velvet trains, the soft milky whiteness of ermine and pearls, the glare of gold and purple, shone not then with the sole aim of adorning a King's sacred duty. They came from afar, like wanderers, like pilgrims all bent on the same end, to mirror the shrine of royalty and explain what rights and fetters chained the crown to the head of the chosen one, of the man who wore it by the will of the nation and of God. Thus our searching eyes summoned from the records of history monarchs and followers, and bade them walk along the aisles where the glistening train moved harmoniously. We well knew that in a few hours the spell would be broken, that all the lords and knights would return to their comfortable homes, lit up by electric lamps, and where thick carpets would hush the sound of imperious tread; we

were all aware that those same faces whose features had been ennobled by the glimmer of the coronet would look wonderingly into the real mirrors of their Louis XV. *salon*, and with a smile almost of pity peers and peeresses would ask themselves how they had had the courage to play a part in public, to resemble so much the portraits of sires and dames who followed them with benevolent gaze along the halls of their Norman or Elizabethan mansions. They would lay aside the golden mask and return to reality; in a few weeks they would only remember that during a couple of hours they had committed a very interesting anachronism. And perhaps they would even deny in their talk about the past event that they had loved their King better from the moment when they saw the consecrated oil tremble between his eyebrows, and the orb tremble in his hand, crushed by the heavy emblem of omnipotence. The glamor would fall, the spell be broken, the past return to oblivion. Yet who would deny that the essence of monarchy and its significance are bound strongly to this worship of a sovereign's laws and rights, that every king who has endeavored to part from the traditions of his rank may be said to have abdicated the best portion of his power? Privileges and rank are due alone to the beauty and poetry spread upon them by the heroism of those who first deserved to obtain the foremost place among their countrymen. Though it would prove no easy task nowadays to enforce upon a Court and a nation the severe rules of etiquette that swayed the atmosphere where a monarch breathed, still the monarch would be likely to see all natural attachment, loyalty and homage drop off were he to throw off the customs and rites to which he owes his title and his dignity. However hard may be the struggle between tradition and civilization, a King must perforce

side with tradition and confront the monster instead of endeavoring to tame him. Of course, we cannot expect the old tyranny to keep hold of modern monarchs, nor do we relish the accounts still extant of the dreadful martyrdom they endured in Spain and even in France. Besides, the transition would appear too violent to modern minds and feelings when, issuing from a Palace whose every dweller would be smothered by the weight of a terrible etiquette, we mingled in or heard the debates of modern parliaments, where language and pursuits are equally free and even sometimes trespass on the grounds of hot discussion and revolutionary desires. The days cannot return when it required a few months' apprenticeship to cross the marble threshold of Versailles, and when Mary Beatrice of Modena, James II.'s wife and exiled Queen of England, was quite dismayed by the number of Court rules she had to learn before coming face to face with the King of France, her equal and the friend of her unfortunate husband. During the following reign a Princess belonging to the Royal House of France declared that when she renounced all the pomp and glory of her rank in order to become a nun, she was frightened, in casting a glance over the world, to find how much she had lived apart from reality, what high barriers separated her from the throng, and she had the greatest difficulty in descending a staircase by herself. "I was amazed," said she, "to go down ten steps without being supported on either side, as I always had two chamberlains to help me up or down the *grand escalier* of Versailles. I do not remember ever having walked through a room or a garden by myself." This anecdote and many others give us but a feeble idea of the thralldom in which royalty was held by its own servitors and supporters. As every one knows, the Span-

iards excelled in their science of changing the rôle of a monarch to a mere mechanism, and the Kings of Spain have all tasted the bitter tyranny of their *alta servidumbre*, as even to this day the courtiers are called in Madrid. In the land of Torquemada and *auto-da-fés* the fanaticism of etiquette was almost as violent as the fanaticism of religion. The young Duke of Anjou, who left his grandfather's Court to become King of Spain, is said to have often sighed after the freedom that was allowed to him at Versailles, and Louis XIV. was pained to hear from the envoys that he sent in embassy to his grandson how really changed the young man was. In fact, the French ambassador declared to some friends that the *ci-devant* Duc d'Anjou had fallen into utter imbecility, could not move a finger without the permission of his chamberlains and acted like one in a dream. The lack of interest, the complete apathy depicted on his face formed a heartrending contrast with all the ceremonies he was obliged to perform or support. And this was not the first occasion on which French courtiers were allowed to peep into the Court regulations in Spain. A few years previously, when Anne of Austria accompanied her son Louis XIV. to the Spanish frontier, when the young King went to meet his bride the Infanta Maria Theresa, Anne, who had not seen her brother the King of Spain since she herself had crossed that frontier as a bride, meekly stipulated, when all the arrangements about the coming interview were made, that she should be allowed to embrace her brother. Horrified at this preposterous proposition, the Spanish ambassadors called Heaven to witness how awfully the barbarous customs of the French Court had changed a Princess belonging to their noble monarch's family, and they begged hard that the Queen would refrain from making herself

very disagreeable to her brother and his train. Anne promised to let things pass off in a very different manner, but when she perceived the King, who had been as a father to her, she almost rushed towards him. Eagerly the Spaniards darted to prevent her, and Anne cried bitterly when she found herself alone with her ladies; then remembering what her own childhood had been, she thanked Heaven that she lived in a "barbarous Court" where at least she could give vent to her natural feelings. Louis XIV. proved a stern ruler of his household, where etiquette overcame every other consideration. He seemed to have inherited from his Spanish mother the domineering instinct of her race.

All that the Middle Ages had gathered or invented, all the magic and charm thrown over the darkness of eternal strife by fair damsels and the brave knights who entered into the lists in honor of their dames and lady-loves, all the attractive discoveries made by the crusaders as they plodded wearily from one oriental town to another, and learnt to admire the mysterious bearing of Saracen and Syrian chieftains, assembled to form the entertainment and adornment of the Western Courts. Every new reign, every victory brought in an innovation, every duchess or princess felt bound to leave after her death some lasting memory of her skill, not only in spinning and embroidering costly robes and tapestry, but also by instituting some symbol of greatness unknown before, some sign that she in her turn had felt the great aim of her race and its ambition. For instance, Mary Queen of Scots was the first to decree that white should thenceforth be the garment worn by young girls on their marriage day. Before her all the Queens of France had been married in red, and she was immediately called the "White Queen" by her subjects—a denomina-

tion which everyone declared to be of ill-omen, as the widows only had borne that name: a dowager queen in France always lay in state dressed in white for several days after her husband's death.

In the year that followed close upon Dante's immortal songs, the growing power of literature and the fine arts chased away from Court and Castle the boisterous clang of steel, and poets were soon preferred to heroes, who themselves vouchsafed to throw away helmet and spear and add a rhyme to a sonnet or a stanza to the ballad composed by the Sovereign and his Queen. Silk and lace were soon seen to float where iron had reigned in rude carelessness, and the smell of the laurel wreath was found much pleasanter when coming from a conqueror as famed for his achievements in the art of decorating a legend and writing an epic tale as in the pursuit dear to Caesar and Napoleon. They desired to please whose sole desire would have been to conquer had they lived in the days of their forefathers.

The Renaissance thus proclaimed an era quite unexpected and brilliant. Sovereigns, whether great or small, were fast losing the somewhat appalling character bestowed upon them by religion. Monarchy was no longer an institution massive and awful, meant to shut up and preserve from the glance of mortals the almost supernatural beings who, like the Pharaohs of old, appeared to their subjects the very embodiment of a severe and distant Divinity.

Kings consented to become the gods of a mythology, sweet and winning in their daily intercourse with their inferiors; though they retained the perfume of the incense they were accustomed to, they were allowed to look mildly upon the common herd from which they had so long been kept aloof. It is true their subjects only saw them

through the golden cloud that enveloped their palaces, but they were spoken of with less terror and mystery, and their names and actions gradually reached the ears of the crowd. It is almost useless to remark that the French Court at Versailles, during the seventeenth century and until the latter part of the eighteenth, had reached the very summit, the highest ideal to which the ruler of etiquette can raise absolute monarchy. At Versailles the subtle art of Court manners, Court demeanor, and Court ceremony reached supreme perfection, and was exercised with such refinement that decay only could have followed the attainment of an ideal so complete had not cruel events cut off suddenly the sublime performance, whose every movement and gesture was studied with rare ability and care. At that moment the science of regulating a King's life entered also into the domain of spiritualism, because the laws applied to his existence and that of his entourage took possession not only of the outward individual but also of the courtier's soul. No one was deemed fit to be presented to the King and enjoy the favor of receiving a slight glance from the monarch without having sacrificed beforehand and completely his own personality. Humility and fervor were both required as the principal qualities of those who from dawn to night danced attendance on the King and on every member of his numerous family. All other thoughts had to be abolished but the hope of being agreeable in an unobtrusive way. Every iota of feeling, every shadow of self-love and dignity were thrown back, and the souls of the courtiers by slow degrees became as light and insinuating as water, and flowed round events and circumstances like small waves ever ready to advance or recede; the secret eloquence of silence, the power of a word placed at the right time in the

right sentence, the rebuke given to truth by a countenance unruffled in the very face of falsehood, valor hidden under the timid smile of weakness, weakness striving to confront valor,—such were the virtues demanded from a real courtier, and to which he rarely failed to do credit. His pride consisted in the constant effort he made to lay aside all pride; and thus he wielded the terrible and double-edged weapon of a passiveness whose appearance was active, of unwavering smiles and flattery so graceful that through the flowered murmur the voice of a conscience in full rebellion could never be heard. And the master who ruled over such a Court felt obliged to be like unto his courtiers, to practise the same delightful deceptions and to be counted superior in the art of pleasing, even as if he expected to gain from his subjects the rewards they expected from him. When we study the memoirs of an epoch so dazzling, we well understand that the return of such strict and charming rules would be impossible in France or in any other country of Europe.

The change which is now taking place in high spheres rather appears to be in harmony with the behests of the Middle Ages. Our century—I mean the one that has just finished—will be famed for the triumph of militarism; when literature and fine arts are now invited to Courts, these illustrious guests have to stand quietly apart and listen to some speech in which the benefits and pursuits of Peace are celebrated by Sovereigns dressed in the uniform of generals and admirals, and who boast of the valor and number of their troops. A modern King would be little respected by his brothers in royalty were he not to know how a regiment is led and a brigade commanded. Arsenal and barracks are equally familiar to them; like their own troopers they sleep not far from

the canons, and their talk consists chiefly of the hardships they have endured together with the army that represents their force. Moreover, Sovereigns are now much inclined to lead an existence copied as much as possible from the model of ordinary life. They are tired of the solitude and dearth of an exalted position, and they are also afraid of being out of tune with the exigencies and habits of an age so widely differing from the times of remote and uncontrolled grandeur. As they cannot abandon etiquette for ever, they generally steal from the tedious task as much leisure as they can honestly get. Each of them endeavors to possess and show forth his own individual nature, and to win affection and respect without the help of that which their ancestors derived from crown and sceptre only. Thus their personal qualities and their personal failures belong to criticism and to worship. They may be loved or hated according to their own doings, their own tempers and words. Will the oldest of all human institutions come unscathed out of this perilous experiment? Will Emperors and Kings support the gaze of the eyes that now see them bereft of the attributes which hallowed them and made all eyes blind to everything but their sacredness? The answer to these questions can be given by the Future only, but uncertain as it is, still the problem might stir a debate thrilling with interest and very important. Will the Kings and the Queens who now dash past the heedless crowds in the rapid flash of a patent motor-car retain as much authority over their subjects as the rulers whose stern faces towered above them from the cushioned litter, the rearing war-horse or the golden-wheeled chariot? Who can tell? And for the moment who cares to discover? Kings themselves are little affected by the change. They readily make up for

the loss of stateliness by an unusual amount of independence, which we cannot grudge them in the least.

We scarcely have the courage to reflect too deeply upon these matters and suggest in what manner the scene of *modernisme aigu* would support the right of ancient etiquette and of Sovereigns who cling to their former obligations. Moreover, we have to be grateful for the grand effort made by princes to enter into the doings and feelings of our time more closely, because since they are set upon partaking our entertainments we may hope that this disposition may lead them to a deeper insight into the troubles of those from whom they were separated by walls high and thick, and whose cry for mercy and bread could not be heard in the profound and splendid recesses of their barred dwellings.

I was a mere child still when I first was called upon to be present at Court dinners and ceremonies in my own country, and schoolroom tasks were then so fresh in my memory that my thoughts, fed with historical lore, naturally worked hard to discover the traces of history in the houses of those who were the natural depositories and heirs of all the treasures left in store for them by tradition. I then noticed how slight yet efficient was the line of separation drawn between a Sovereign and those who approached him, how gentle yet decisive the touch of look and language, destined to remind every one of the presence of one higher than the rest. Now that magnificence is almost excluded from daily life at Court, Kings and Queens have to be ever on the tip-toe of attention, and revive discipline by their demeanor and words.

Later on, as I accompanied our Queen to different Courts in Europe, I listened with all my soul to the conversation of Princesses, every one of whom declared herself the happiest woman in the world when she could

walk freely about and cross the crowds without being noticed; and though sometimes I wondered whether this sentiment was always sincere, I was obliged to acknowledge their perfect truthfulness when I saw the high-born ladies loiter in tailor-made dresses through the avenues of their parks, in search of nothing else but absolute freedom and bracing air. No, they were not only obeying the contagion of a passing fashion, these Princesses who appeared to be bored to death every time that they had to assume an aspect meant to inspire awe, and I confessed to myself that they cared little for the inspirations of secret atavism.

The small Courts in Germany have for the most part still preserved in full bloom the flower of perfect etiquette and ceremonious politeness, whose emblem is alive in many a quaint town that climbs like a procession towards the summit of the hill where the *Schloss* or the *Burg* looks down upon it somewhat disdainfully. And the souls of the people have also kept this habit of ever mounting in reverence towards the inhabitants of these feudal castles. Around their worm-eaten thrones the vapor of incense floats in thin clouds, as soft as those whose glow shone in the Middle Ages. In the days when Wolfgang von Goethe was a young man and described the Coronation of the German Emperor at Frankfort, where he saw the pageant from the window of a tiny student's chamber, the small German Courts were like fair garlands interwoven with the poetry of the land. A perfume of chivalry, graciousness, and elegant dilettantism was shed by the throng of courtiers who exchanged greetings and letters from one *Burg* to the other. Even now we cannot but be thrilled with a kind of tender interest and pity by the constant effort they still make to remain unaffected by the

work of time; and nothing is more impressive than the ability with which they preserve this dear old tradition from the threatening contamination. There is no doubt that on the green banks of the Rhine and the Elbe, between the mountains in whose bosom Frederic Barbarossa sleeps his untroubled sleep, men may still be found who could teach accurately the exact width and length of a Court curtsey and a Court smile, that decorative smile which in the opinion of the late Empress Victoria is a gift that few Queens can boast of; as all know how, and very few know when and to whom they should smile.

It is there also that the formula must exist of all the best ingredients required to form around the person of a Sovereign an *entourage* worthy of the Prince and the land over which he rules. Like their legendary Barbarossa all these souls, simple and yet refined, are asleep, while their fingers still mechanically unravel the purple and silver threads of the Past, and their pulses do not feel the ebb and flow of Time, their ears are deaf to any other rumor but the sound of the court equipages as they mount towards the heights whence the castle frowns upon them and sheds upon the city its shadow, majestic and protecting still.

It must be here remembered that Germany is the cradle of almost all the reigning dynasties in Europe, and naturally the spirit of the land is one of devotion to Royal races and Royal personages in general. Court functionaries in Germany are so numerous, and so absolutely like each other in manners, prejudices, curtseys, bows, words and ambitions that they form a caste powerful enough to preserve and defend its rights. Their attachment to the Prince that they serve often finds vent in outward sign only, such as passive obedience, or active tyranny when they are decided not to sacrifice an

inch of what they call their duty; and when we come to reflect that this duty, complicated and difficult, is very often rewarded by a look or a word only from the Sovereign and Princess to whom such affection clings, when we discover that there is little or no trace of vanity, but a holy consciousness of the sacred part that must be played by a Prince upon earth, in all the existence of self-devotion spent at the foot of state staircases and in state boxes and carriages by multitudes of well-born men and women, we have to blame the scorn with which the innocent show of their hearty devotion is often treated by eye-witnesses and writers who have not entered into the core of the situation. How many there are, in the land of the *vergiss-mein-nicht* and the *Neder*, who have never pursued the ordinary course of life, nor vouchsafed to start in search of personal happiness, who have never married nor accepted situations liable to bring in mere pecuniary advantages, in order not to leave an old *Hochzeit* noted for his or her ill-temper, a spinster *Durchlaucht* or a fallen *Majestät*? Their touching fanaticism is expressed in a word whose translation and sense do not exist in any other but the German language, *Ehrfurcht*, and when some clever observer and good writer shall have the admirable idea of writing the history of the small Courts of Germany such as they are in the present day, many an obscure heroism will come to light. As I have already mentioned, it is in Germany only and by the German Court functionaries that sovereigns are still beloved simply because they belong to a chosen race. Modern Princes have accustomed us to love or deprecate them for their own qualities and defects; we judge their actions and they stoop to explain their aims and conduct. We read so clearly between the lines of an official falsehood that they begin to hate the usage

which forces them to declare themselves satisfied when they are sad, in good health when they are ailing, and indifferent when they are anxious.

The peril and the glory of modern monarchies alike lie in the admirable movement that mingles the descendants of autocrats and disdainful sovereigns with all that the soul holds highest and noblest, the desire to feel the beauty and bitterness of every human pang. Modern Queens are even more than their spouses liable to enter into the movement that brings them closer to us. And the first among them who, being placed in a situation very peculiar indeed, gave the signal of a demeanor full of dignity and yet in accordance with the wishes and wants of our age, was a German Queen, the first German Empress belonging to the House of Brandenburg, the late Queen Augusta of Prussia, grandmother to the present Emperor. The new empire possessed no traditions, not even the slightest, and it was not likely that a big Court would be contented with the customs, however brilliant, of the Hohenzollerns. The *etiquette*, real and complicated, of the German Empire belonged to the Habsburgs, and Berlin kept proudly aloof from all imitations. It was therefore necessary to invent or inaugurate such Court rules as would be found suitable to a realm whose force came from a lordly war and the sage diplomacy of Prince Bismarck. Besides, the splendor of the Tuileries and St. Cloud had scarcely died away, and some sparks of the embers, extinguished under the ashes of defeat, were expected to fly from France to her victors. Queen Augusta well understood that to copy another sovereign was a vain task; she possessed a spirit and ideas of her own. Was she not the daughter-in-law of the Prussian heroine Queen Louisa, and could she not hear the voices of the sweet visions whose image still seemed

to live in the Palace of Charlottenburg? Despite Bismarck's admonitions and, later on, Bismarck's fury, her mind was made up. She ordered the sound of warrior pomp, the rumors of active and stealthy diplomacy, to be silent in the presence; she waved militarism off with a gesture, imperious though graceful; she declared that the rôle of an Empress consisted not in her presence at boisterous parades; she hated the suggestion of offending her sex by riding at the head of the regiments that bore her name, and she transformed her audience room into a *salon*, a place where the best conversation might be heard, the best examples be reaped, the best shades of etiquette be observed, as etiquette was not indicated by movements and bows, but by the outburst of gallant speech and skilful phrase. Thus it was not difficult to remember that Queen Augusta was born Princess of Saxe Weimar and associated with the ancestors whose friendship proved so precious to Goethe. She had received just the kind of education that it was the habit to bestow on gifted young girls of high rank in the first part of the nineteenth century. She had read and admired Jean Jacques Rousseau, she doted on Schiller and raved about the minor poets of that romantic epoch.

The Empress was very old and I very young when I had the honor to be presented to her in the Castle of Coblenz on the banks of the Rhine, and the remembrance of that interview is fresh in my memory where the venerable apparition lives enshrined. In order to reach the summer dwelling whose whiteness glittered far off, we followed a road all astir with the humming activity of summer. Flowers wild and lightly beaten by the balmy breeze tried hard to soar above the sea of verdure; the sound of revelry and of flowing water came from the Rhine, whose current seemed to be borne along by

the breath of gaily decorated boats whence came voices and laughter. Coblenz showed through the azure veil of a soft mist the shining spires of her churches, the dazzling roofs of house and mansion. When we reached the town, we crossed a small street and were quickly in front of the big white castle, while the summer radiance still trembled in our eyes and ears; the Palace stared at us, silent and grave. We were ushered into a hall whose white walls, decorated with the portraits of sedate warriors and bishops, seemed austere, notwithstanding the light coloring of the furniture and decoration. Near the broad windows that overlooked the Rhine a few tables were scattered, tables whose gilt wood-work displayed an art dear to the amateur of the eighteenth century style, and whose mirrors supported such dainty *tabatières* as were used at that time. I gazed long at the fragile pictures traced on these *tabatières*, and was much struck by the contrast I discovered between the portrait of a stern archbishop who scarcely took the trouble to hide his armor under the folds of his ecclesiastical gown, and the image, more attractive, of one of those charming young abbés who at the Court of France glided gently through the intricacies of a minuet and the gems of a complimentary speech. I looked long at his clever and sarcastic face and was still holding the image in my hand, when I suddenly started to hear the folding doors open and to perceive two tall lackeys wearing the dark blue, silver and red Hohenzollern livery. They slowly pushed before them a bath chair in which the Empress was seated erect, with both hands holding fast the arms of the chair, and I could see the hands trembling, and the head trembling also, while beneath the silk folds of a shawl the meagre body appeared to shrink into nothingness. A piece of black lace

was thrown over the abundant hair, elaborately dressed, and there was an air of imperious will and stubborn decision in the worn-out face, the meagre fingers and the secret shivering body hidden under the purple shawl. But the mouth twitched, the lips moved to and fro, and the voice was weary, uncertain, like the last sighs of a bell on the waters. The infinite pathos of a great struggle was before our eyes,—the struggle of immortality against death. And we also felt deeply how majestic and innumerable were the events whose remembrance crowded round that trembling head. We saw the things that the aged Empress had seen, the sudden rise of the fortunes of her race, the fall of a land and the surpassing glory obtained by the vanquished in fighting against the victor, the night when she was awakened in haste to read a message from her husband and by the flickering light of a candle first learnt that her great rank was changed to a greater still, that there were a new Empire and a new Empress in the world; all the pangs for the land of France that is so dear to me, all the awe for the fate, illustrious and broken, of the woman who was hastening to her tomb, were visible around that chair between the tall men who wore the silver, blue and red of the Hohenzollern House. The Empress was anxious to go valiantly through the ordeal of a private conversation with every person present. She had beforehand inquired about our pursuits and domestic life, and when she called me to her side, when I expected that her words would be as faltering as her voice, I discovered that she had made a programme which she followed minutely, placing many a kind word in favor of my literary tastes, my native country and such of my countrymen as she had known. Then she spoke of poets; praised Lamartine, and André Chénier, and recom-

mended some German ballads to my attention. Although the lips sternly refused to do service, the unswerving will kept strong hold of her failing faculties. I had retired and made place for another lady when one of the chamberlains told me that the Empress had still something to say to me. I returned quickly, and to my great astonishment found that the trembling hands pointed to the gilt table and the portrait of the young abbé. Much struck by the coincidence, I brought the portrait to the Empress. She made me observe the fine ironical features, the pointed nose: "Rather Voltairian, is it not?" added her Majesty, and then turning the frame she showed me on the back side a heart in diamonds deep set in the faded blue *moiré* and followed by these words, *vous l'offre*: both emblem and words evidently meant, "My heart offers this picture to you."

"Is this not very amusing," whispered the Empress, "and how very courteous and profane for a priest? Do you know I have finished by discovering who this delightful little courtier was? He lived in 17—" Here the voice sank and I stooped in vain to catch the fading syllables, and I shall never learn the name of that young abbé whose picture ever remains a link between that vision of the venerable Empress and myself, whose smile perhaps still gently lurks behind the portrait of the stern Archbishop, on the gilt table, by the side of the broad window that overlooks the Rhine, while Augusta, First Empress of Modern Germany, lies in her marble mausoleum.

The present Emperor is very fond of tradition and etiquette; still he has established a great many rules quite unknown hitherto in German Courts, and after the Coronation ceremony at Westminster I heard more than one high personage and even personal

friend of the potentate deplore that Wilhelm II. should never have had the idea of being himself crowned also in pomp and state—not according to the precedents of his race but the behests of his own imagination, which we one and all deemed vivid enough to invent a new era of etiquette and tradition. His gentle Empress is an open enemy of etiquette; this may be guessed from the first glance at her frank and childish face, and especially when her silvery laugh is allowed free vent. Yet the iron chain of education and discipline is upon her. She has to submit, and being very timid herself, intimidates everyone else, while inwardly she smiles at the mistake. Yet her only fear in this world is the risk of displeasing her husband. For his sake she willingly endures the torment of being a tormentor, of looking quietly on while the unhappy victim toils through the folds of a Court mantle and draws an awkward foot out of a deep curtsey. Her Majesty is womanly and pitiful to the extreme; her eyes only are allowed to speak compassion on such occasions; but her daily life is rendered supportable by the abolition of many disagreeable functions; she would really like every day to resemble her quiet hours. Queens and Princesses never talk of that part of their lives that obliges them to be separated from the rest of their Court, and to shine above them like the sun above the forests and the seas. The subject is not to them an engrossing one, and they scarcely ever in this intimate intercourse mention the brilliant scenes in which they have been prominent. The greater the preoccupations of a Princess who leaves her native land for a country which is to become her own the greater is her care to obtain from the people such love as a nation can bestow; there is among them a kind of charming rivalry that tries to discover who has succeeded

best in the task, and it is impossible to meet a Queen without being immediately questioned by her Majesty on the subject of her distant sister. Is she beloved? Do the people there really care for her?

The Dowager Queen of Italy had, in my opinion, solved the arduous problem of creating round her throne an atmosphere intellectual and charming, of keeping away from her Court all suspicions of envy and intrigue. Her ladies in waiting succeeded each other, two by two, in order as regular as that of the constellations, and thus all danger of enmity was avoided; no favorite existed to draw down upon her innocent head all the calamities which await those who have the misfortune to conquer their sovereign's affections by more than special attention paid to her commands and wishes. Favor, envy, calumny, these may be called the stumbling-stones of Court life; and it is terrible to reflect how cautious the unfortunate monarch must be before bestowing the gift of his approbation on one whom he himself may perhaps not be strong enough to guard against the trouble brought on by his imprudent choice. Court favorites may not always be either perfect or abominable creatures; one thing is certain, they are always the victims of ill-will and jealousy; not one has escaped that doom. The Dowager Queen of Italy likes order, and is attached to etiquette; even in her conversation she rarely suffers a personal opinion to come in until she has led the way, and her idea of the divine right of monarchs is very strict. Queen Margherita does not find Court ceremonies a thralldom or a nuisance; she never shrinks from any fatigue, though she loves to wander through the steep paths of the Appennines and indulge in the refuge of a casual *incognita*, a mode of travelling from which Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is absolutely

averse. It must be said that Queen Margherita holds the prerogatives of blood even dearer than the prerogatives of the crown.

At the Court of Roumania, when the present sovereigns first became acquainted with the country, it required much trouble to check the gushing sympathy and familiar manners of the native boyards, who having been accustomed to be ruled by Princes belonging to their own family had always treated the sovereign with more affectionate concern than respect. King Charles and Queen Elizabeth have instituted in their Court the laws of an easy etiquette, whose rules are unpretentious, but must be always taken into consideration. As the King felt naturally anxious to put aside the pretensions of those higher classes from whose ranks a competitor to the throne might have risen, the rising and intelligent democracy of Roumania was placed at Court on the same level as the representatives of our oldest and best families. No distinction whatever is made between the successful lawyer and the nobleman; our Court is one of the most accessible in Europe, and of course for that reason one of the most interesting, one where it is easiest to study the triumphant power of the "modern ideal" over the magic of tradition. The honor—so quickly acquired and with such little trouble—of being received by our sovereigns would even fail to rouse that sort of ambition which cherishes the aim solely because it can only be reached by a thorny path, were not the personal qualities of both King and Queen a magnet more attractive than the vulgar satisfactions bestowed upon vanity and spurned by merit. Carmen Sylva is an inveterate enemy of pomp and etiquette, and she is the only Queen who dares declare her preference openly; other Queens try hard to hide their feelings on the subject and refuse to admit anyone into the

confidence of their opinions. Carmen Sylva boldly says that she sees no difference between persons belonging to different ranks. Her soul, luminous and large, sheds on all the bountiful rays of an equal love. The degradation brought on by moral deficiencies, by vice and low pursuits, moves her to pity because even when called upon to gaze on ugliness and sin, she tries to trace their source and find a pretext for commiseration. The humble and the humiliated strongly attract her attention and draw her away from the wealthy whose granaries are full and whose hearts are still greedy. This she never fails to say and write, and besides Queen Elizabeth lives up to her principles. During her journey to England, whither I accompanied her Majesty, we visited a few country residences in North Wales. Wherever the Queen stopped, even for an hour, she took good care to address kind words to the servants. To governesses and children's nurses her Majesty was always more gracious than to any duchess present, as she deems the misfortune of that class very great and has often been able to realize how many ardent but smothered feelings rankle in the bosom of young girls who are real ladies but fill in the houses the place of subalterns. As we were leaving one of these lovely and hospitable castles whose inmates have gained for ever a place in the heart of Carmen Sylva, I was startled to find that all at once the carriages came to a sudden stop. The park gates were already far behind, and we could perceive between the trees of the road the smoke of the special train waiting for us. To my still greater astonishment the whole *cortège* was made to return and we were fast brought back to the front door of the house. The Queen had not spoken another word after having uttered an express wish to go back to the castle. I could not understand

what her Majesty desired till we reached the threshold, and then, alighting without help from the stately equipage the Queen exclaimed: "I had forgotten to say good-bye to Miss H—." Miss H— was the governess of the children. "Please call Miss H—, will you?" And when Miss H— made her appearance: "Do forgive me. I was so sorry to leave you all that somehow I lost my memory. Do not be angry with me, and remember I will never forget you." Miss H—, whose eyes were streaming with tears, bent low and kissed the proffered hand and a burst of such genuine enthusiasm as is rarely heard sprang to the lips of everyone present.

After the first moments of natural embarrassment which everyone feels in the presence of a Queen, the conversation with Carmen Sylva becomes as easy as if she were not an august lady, and the only thing that reminds one of her sovereignty is the superior tenor of her words and ideas, the outpourings of an intelligence whose dominion is Imperial. Even the slightest suspicion of etiquette interfering with her actions is a burden to Carmen Sylva, as she is always afraid lest the briars of ceremony should rise between her and the person she addresses, whose inmost soul she endeavors to penetrate. After some high Court functions which the Queen has to preside over, how touching in their unconscious beauty were the impressions conveyed by her to those who listened. Nothing that was not profoundly human had struck the attention of that pitiful soul; she neither noticed the finery displayed by the ladies, the martial bearing of chamberlains and officers nor the homage paid to her, all her solicitude was for those whom she might have been supposed to ignore, to the weary soldiers who had for hours waited in the streets, scorched by the sun, or stood there dripping with rain and trembling

with cold while the gay carriages flashed past them. She would relate how thin and feeble during the Te Deum a very old priest looked who majestically bore the load of his heavy gold and silver ornaments, of the massive silver books and the Holy Sacrament that his trembling hands lifted high and reverently above the kneeling multitude. She spoke movingly of some wretched beggar whose eye she had caught fixed with pathetic earnestness and amazement on the glistening visage of his Queen; and of all the flowery tributes spread under her feet and poured upon her knees, she retained only a little broken rose-bud thrown to her by a ragged child who had had to fight painfully with the crowd in order to reach her.

There was bitter disdain and passionate wrath in the voice of Elizabeth Empress of Austria when she spoke of Court fetters and the obligations of her exalted rank. Yet she found that pomp and magnificence were necessary to the monarch and his family. The hypocrisy which she had to countenance and defend stung her proud spirit:—

We are exactly like the actresses in a tragedy; the actresses are our sisters. When we play our parts, we have to wear the garments and the appearance of ages long gone by. We are surrounded by personages who also seem to come from the realm of dreams; we change our voices and our hearts; we become creatures quite apart from our own selves and we conceal our distress in order not to spoil the comedy: it is atrocious but inevitable.

And on the rare occasions when she appeared at the Burg, the Empress exacted a strict observance of all the traditions of the Empire. She even enforced some of these laws with a zeal unexpected from one who loved her independence and the solitude of secret haunts better than anything else in

the world. Notwithstanding her personal inclinations, the Empress proved a stern ruler of Court etiquette; to her the archduchesses of the present day are indebted for the trouble of controlling every movement of vivacity, every sign of interest, of lowering their voices to a murmur scarcely audible; and—when their natural temperament does not act in open rebellion against the laws—of gliding like statues, insensible and inanimate. The Queen of Roumania—for it is to her I must ever revert, as I have been able to study her in a definite and constant manner—the Queen of Roumania had unbounded admiration and sympathy for the Empress of Austria, for the silent, tempestuous and ardent soul whose wild beatings were only soothed by the sound of the winds and the sea, whose instinct dramatized every hour of her existence long before the presentment turned to reality. And the Empress loved the gushing, child-like beauty of the poetical and impressionable Carmen Sylva. Although she has much more than other Queens come into touch with all the classes of her nation, Carmen Sylva cannot be numbered among the travelling Queens, nor does she often leave her palace during the winter months; she never walks in the streets of her capital; and when during her stay in London she strolled *incognito* along the street, she could scarcely move, bewildered as she was by the crowd and the fact of being unnoticed. "Is walking in the streets such a terrible struggle always?" said she; "do you always meet those faces which look upon you in strong indifference and yet seem hungry, stirred by some secret desire?"

Another incident which also took place in London proved to the Queen all the import given by rank to the slightest word a Sovereign pronounces, and how much more difficult it is to simple mortals who wish to convey

their ideas and conviction to impress auditors than when eloquence is scarcely needed, because the bare fact of interest shown in such and such a question by a high personage suffices. The Queen had expressed a desire to visit Kew Gardens, and we followed Her Majesty at first through the spacious and beautiful grounds and then through the hot-houses; naturally the Queen, though *incognito*, walked ahead of our little party, and we soon became so engrossed by the sight of the various and splendid floral treasures that we thought of nothing else. The gardener led the way, and as visitors were very numerous that day he insisted on the people not stopping long before each plant and bringing confusion. We often heard him say in a distinct, monotonous voice: "Please walk on, ladies and gentlemen, walk on." We were just in front of one of those dainty orchids whose petals bear the vivid hues of a sunset sky, when I remarked that we halted a minute or two and the gardener's voice was rising to an unusual pitch. I raised my head, and to our mingled annoyance and amusement found out that the Queen had completely forgotten her *incognito*, and reverting to similar occasions in which her royal duties always obliged her to pay compliments and declare her high satisfaction, she now stood distributing her radiant and kind smiles right and left; and being short-sighted she could not observe that her politeness was received with stolid indifference. Moreover, the gardener was getting quite nervous, while Carmen Sylva gently said: "The flowers are beautiful indeed, but I am quite delighted with the orchids. And what trouble you must have to take care of all this quantity of plants. What a fervent admirer of nature you must be. I congratulate you—I am really delighted. I fully appreciate your efforts and their excellent results," sentences

which pronounced by an undisguised Queen would have been published, eagerly copied by the newspapers, and brought to that gardener a great pride and contentment. But alas! they lacked the conventional force they would have carried along their every syllable had the man only guessed who was the lady to whom his rough voice spoke in terms rude and angry. "Will you go along? This has lasted more than ten minutes. You are preventing the other visitors from advancing." We had in vain been trying to join the Queen—the crowd was dense between her and ourselves, and when I was at last able to reach her and hurriedly reminded her of the *incognito* and the mistake she was making, Carmen Sylva burst into childish glee. "Now," said she, as we found ourselves safely out of the hot-house and far from the obnoxious keeper, "whenever I hear you ladies speak again of my personal charm and attractive manners I will just say the magic words: Kew Gardens, Kew Gardeners, and you will be silenced." This small event was duly related to Queen Victoria, who also laughed very much when I imitated in Her presence our Queen's speech to the gardener, and her royal demeanor, thrown away upon the unconscious man; and then Queen Victoria, turning to Carmen Sylva, said: "You see, dear, we are not as much to be pitied as some of us seem to think. Only imagine the effect of all we say and do; although we have to be cautious more than any other women, we cannot but try to use well the formidable weapons we wield and that blood and rank confer upon us."

From this little story I shall not be accused of taking an imprudent view if I say I am convinced that sovereigns would be the most wretched creatures under the sun were they deprived not only of their moral rights, their sceptres and crowns, but also of all the small and great attributes of their ex-

alted position. Therefore, when they stoop to change their attitudes and ways for ours, and endeavor to assume simplicity and the troubles of an existence whose peace and comfort are not defended from the invasion of care by a strong barrier, they act thus because the anomaly pleases them, because they are perfectly certain that they are only playing a part, and will be able to resume their interrupted task which forces them to soar above our common evils and our common enjoyments. That the interest they show nowadays in every social endeavor in which the welfare of humanity is concerned makes them better akin to the best amongst us, I cannot deny; but that they form a race apart, that in order to preserve their dignity and the glamour that surrounds their history, they will ever be obliged to remain hidden in the distant haze of pomp and mystery, is equally undeniable. Carmen Sylva will again help to prove what I advance: and as she can in no way be suspected of harboring in her bosom the secret fire of pride, the influence of heredity alone will account for the necessity that leads me to draw a conclusion favorable to the intangibility of monarchical ideas from the character of one who strives to destroy the chains wrought by pride and prejudice. Carmen Sylva is the most sweet-tempered lady I have ever known; her patience, however severely tried, never gives way. She puts up with the most disagreeable people that come across her path, and it is touching to see how much she humors those who, having discovered the depths and extent of her kindness, trespass upon her unwavering amiability and the full command that she possesses over her will and nerves. For my part I remember having seen our Queen angry only once; and I am sorry to own that I willingly gave her occasion to look rebuke upon me, because real words of rebuke

and disparagement she cannot speak. One day, after an exhaustive conversation, of which the subject was human destiny, human misery, the eternal pain and hope that gnaw at every heart, I was led to relate a few domestic dramas which I had witnessed or been told of, and to point out all the various species of misfortune that I had met with among our society people, and also the aristocracy and *bourgeoisie* of other lands. To every one of these tragedies, obscure and thrilling, the Queen opposed the tale of a tragedy as awful that had happened in former days among her own people or acquaintances or ancestors, Kings, Queens and Princes belonging to royal families, and the more I enlarged on the strain of suffering imposed by fate on the unhappy victims of my class, the more the Queen insisted upon the uncommon amount of wretchedness which was or had been the portion of *her* equals. Soon I saw that even Carmen Sylva seemed to believe that the souls of the beings who were superior in blood and rank had been greater too in their comprehension and grasp of misery, had borne an unusual load of distress because theirs was a lot unusual. In fact, for those privileged few she also wanted to secure the privilege of bearing and understanding pain better than others. Our discussion became fierce. Two races, not two souls, were face to face, each struggling for precedence in the realm of sorrow, where the poor and the humble are Kings, and thus perhaps nearer to the Immortal King. The Queen's eloquence and my stubborn resolution were equally loath to give way. At last, almost vanquished by Her Majesty's triumphant arguments, I was about to plead guilty, when a flash of victory shone in my eyes and I exclaimed: "No—no—no, they are not superior to us in the dominion of pain; that supremacy at least does not be-

long to them. Can Your Majesty mention to me a King who has committed suicide?" This argument, which the Queen might easily have destroyed by proving the superiority of patience and religion in the hearts of desperate sovereigns, yet struck her deeply, and after a few moments' silence she changed the conversation and never again returned to the perilous subject. The idea of their inborn grandeur is to monarchs and Princes the salt and cement of their souls; they can justly boast of the discipline taught them from their earliest childhood, and whose maintenance is as necessary to them as their own breath. Court etiquette is neither a nuisance for those who inspire nor for those who exercise it; it gives to courtiers and great personages a sense of their personal value

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and a means of gratifying the inward respect that they have for themselves. A Prince who is unable to bear the boredom of listening for hours to discourses and speeches that do not in the least interest him will ever be considered a weakling, whereas a King—even a *mediocre* King—who would be up to any strain inherent in his situation, must win respect, because he has obeyed the behests of his caste and his ancestry.

Sovereigns who walk with alacrity in the way of modern aspirations are to be revered and loved for the great sacrifice that they make, when they are sincere; but in their own opinion and the imagination of the nations, their real place is half-way between the demi-gods of ancient mythology and the *Uebermenschen* of Nietzsche.

Helène Vacaresco.

OTHELLO ON THE STAGE.

Among all the characters in the acted plays of Shakespeare there are very few that require for their adequate representation so rare a combination of qualities in the actor as does Othello. To an imposing presence (which, as the records of Edmund Kean's performance show, is not the same thing as imposing stature,) must be joined not grandeur of manner merely and outward dignity, but the power of expressing that nobility of soul which is implicit in every line of the text but is so difficult to reproduce satisfactorily upon the stage. It is the absence of this quality that has made the really great Othellos of stage history so few, in spite of the obvious scope for the tragedian's art which the character affords. It is not a part in which a certain measure of success can be attained by dint of manner and

trick, as, for instance, is Richard the Third. As "Gloster" every inferior hack can find some scenes which are within his range, and so makes his "points," and has his "moments." Nor does the part play itself as to some extent Hamlet does. In Hamlet, it is said, no actor ever completely failed, because the words and actions must of themselves produce some amount of effect apart from any question of inspiration in the interpreter. With Othello this is not so. The action of the play is so sublime and at the same time so severely simple that, unless it is informed and sustained by the lofty genius of the principal player, it can produce no effect at all. Either it must live and move upon the topmost heights of pity and terror or it must fall utterly. It is made up of the simple elemental passions, "love strong

as death and jealousy cruel as the grave." And no actor's graces or stage tricks will avail to fill the swelling outlines if the massiveness of soul be absent by which and through which alone these passions can be adequately portrayed. "For he was great of heart."

And there is another reason for the comparative infrequency of worthy representations of "Othello" upon the stage. Never is it more true that "two stars keep not their motion in one sphere," than when the sphere is a theatre, at any rate when the stars are of the same sex. A single planet with a number of satellites has been the arrangement that has more usually found favor. And in "Othello" there are two male parts of almost equal eminence. Occasionally Iago has been allowed to take his rightful place. But more commonly the Moor, like the Turk, has brooked no rival near the throne, and the play has suffered from the depression into a foil of one who should have faced the protagonist on equal terms. "You are the best Iago I have ever played with," said Kean on one occasion to an actor much his inferior in reputation. And observing that the compliment was received with less gratification than might be expected, he added, "Why do you smile?"

"Because I have known five other Iagos to whom you have said the same thing," was the reply. The anecdote is instructive as showing the greatest of all Othellos going about the country and accepting with indifference the Iagos that were supplied him as he might accept the scenery and stage arrangements of the provincial theatres.

Richard Burbage, one of the greatest names in English theatrical history, set the fashion which, with some eminent exceptions, has been followed ever since, of treating Othello as the leading part in the tragedy. The unknown writer of the elegy upon him includes

it as follows in the enumeration of his characters.

But let me not forget one chiefest part
Wherein beyond the rest he moved the
heart,
The grieved Moor made jealous by a
slave,
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless
grave.

These lines are of doubtful authenticity. But we know enough of Burbage's tragic power and the force and animation of his acting to believe that the early popularity of "Othello" upon the stage was in great part due to him. This popularity was maintained during the period of the Restoration, a restoration of the theatre as well as of monarchical government, and both in a debased form. In spite, however, of the prominence at this time of comedies of contemporary life and manners, many of Shakespeare's plays still held the stage. And among those that were fortunate enough to escape the attentions of the "improver" of the type of Davenant was "Othello." This epoch of stage history is the reign of Betterton, as the former was the reign of Burbage. And in Othello Betterton found one of his most admired parts. For into it, as into his Hotspur and his Brutus, he was able to throw the generous ardor and nobility which characterized all his tragic acting, and were especially needful in this case. Steele writing of him in the "Tatler" says,

The wonderful agony which he appeared in when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in "Othello"; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart, and perfectly convince him that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads

in his closet this admirable scene will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakespeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent and broken sentences; but a reader that has seen Betterton act it observes there could not be a word added, that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay impossible, in Othello's circumstances.

Pepys considered Betterton "the best actor in the world," but does not appear to have seen him in "Othello," which indeed seemed to him "a mean thing." He once saw an actor named Burt in the part, but does not trouble himself to set down a word of criticism on his performance, though he is quick to note "By the same token a very pretty lady that sat by me called out to see Desdemona smothered." By the same token, to borrow Mr. Pepys's phrase, Desdemona was the first part to be acted by a woman on the English stage. The change was made just after the Restoration, and a prologue written for the occasion gives the reason for it thus:

Our women are defective, and so sized
You'd think they were some of the
guard disguised:
For, to speak truth, men act, that are
between,
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so in-
compliant,
When you call Desdemona, enter Giant.

After the time of Betterton no memorable Othello arose for a hundred years, a fact which only becomes remarkable when we remember that those hundred years include the whole life of David Garrick. But the greatest of English actors failed to make much impression in this, one of the greatest acting parts in English dramatic literature. In the first place he was always greater in comedy than in tragedy. And secondly his tragic successes, Hamlet, Richard, Lear, were

due rather to the wonderful variety and flexibility of his art, to his moments of frenzied passion and his power of inspiring awe and terror, than to any capacity for sustained sublimity or grandeur. And so, after Barry came to the front, Garrick, who with all his vanity was shrewd enough in recognizing his own limitations, never played Othello again. For he knew that in this part he could not compete with the stately presence and silver voice of his rival, any more than the fiery impetuosity of his Romeo could hold its own against Barry's melting seductiveness. And Barry was one of those actors who are called great in their own day but not afterwards.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century John Kemble acted Othello with success. But when we reach Kemble we are on the threshold of the career of Kean, before whose coming, as Leigh Hunt said, Kemble faded like a tragedy ghost. So we cannot stop to say more of the elder actor than that his Othello was cold and stately, that it had a certain shadowy greatness, but lacked altogether the human feeling and fire of his conqueror. Great as he was in Shylock and Richard, Othello may be taken to have been Edmund Kean's greatest part and the most typical both of the excellences and shortcomings of his genius. "Othello," says G. H. Lewes, "which is the most trying of all Shakespeare's parts, was Kean's masterpiece." The greatness of his art rose to the greatness of the demands made upon it. A passage in which the same critic examines the impersonation in detail will show how this single character illustrates Kean's art as a whole.

Kean's range of expression, as already hinted, was very limited. His physical aptitudes were such as confined him to the strictly tragic pas-

sions, and for these he was magnificently endowed. Small and insignificant in figure, he could at times become impressively commanding by the lion-like power and grace of his bearing. I remember the last time I saw him play Othello, how puny he appeared beside Macready, until, in the third act when roused by Iago's taunts and insinuations he moved towards him with a gouty hobble, seized him by the throat, and in a well-known explosion, "Villain! be sure you prove," etc., seemed to swell into a stature which made Macready appear small. . . . It was, one must confess, a patchy performance considered as a whole; some parts were miserably tricky, others misconceived, others gabbled over in haste to reach the "points"; but it was irradiated with such flashes that I would again risk broken ribs for the chance of a good place in the pit to see anything like it. . . . From the third act onwards all was wrought out with a mastery over the resources of expression such as has been seldom approached. In the successive unfolding of these great scenes he represented with incomparable effect the lion-like fury, the deep and haggard pathos, the forlorn sense of desolation alternating with gusts of stormy cries for vengeance, the misgivings and sudden reassurances, the calm and deadly resolution of one not easily moved, but who, being moved, was stirred to the very depths.

These words were written by Lewes near the end of his life looking back on the triumphs of an actor who had been dead forty years. In the year before Lewes's birth we find Hazlitt telling the same tale. "Mr. Kean's Othello is his best character and the highest effort of genius on the stage." And again:

He displayed the same excellences and the same defects as in his former characters. [There was not] throughout, that noble tide of deep and sustained passion, impetuous and majestic, that "flows on to the Propontic, and knows no ebb," which raises our ad-

miration and pity of the lofty-minded Moor. There were, however, repeated bursts of feeling and energy which we have never seen surpassed. The whole of the latter part of the third act was a masterpiece of profound pathos and exquisite conception and its effect on the house was electrical.

One of the keenest criticisms ever passed on this actor is that attributed to Byron, that "to see him act was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," so wonderfully would his genius light up a whole play from time to time in the midst of passages of dulness. So then in despite of all his characteristic irregularities and capricious lapses from taste Kean's Othello bears out what has been claimed for it; it was great because of the lofty nobility of soul that underlay and sustained his conception of it.

Appropriately enough his last appearance on the stage was made in this character, and under circumstances that suited well with his wild and picturesque career. On March 25th, 1833, he was announced to play Othello to the Iago of his son Charles. Worn out as he was by dissipation and a life lived at continual high pressure he could only keep up his sinking strength by doses of hot brandy and water. At first all went well. His acting was as noble as ever, the audience enthusiastic. "Mind you keep near me," he whispered to his son as they began the third act.

His determination [says an eye-witness,] seemed more than a match for his weakness; and as Iago distilled the first drops of poison into his ear, the force, beauty, and truth of his acting exhibited the evidence of the unfading charm within. [But the exertion was too great,] and as he endeavored to abandon himself to the overwhelming storm of passion . . . a marked change came over the tragedian; he trembled—stopped—tottered—reeled; Charles, fearing the worst, went forward and

extended his arms; the father made another effort and advanced towards his son with "Villain, be sure," but it was of no use, and with a whispered moan "I am dying, speak to them for me," he sank insensible into Charles' arms.

A few weeks later he died, leaving Macready undisputed master of the English stage. But Macready, great actor as he was, was never the man to rival his greater predecessor as Othello. The broad elemental passions, to quote Lewes once more, of the ideal characters of tragedy, were altogether outside his range.

The anguish of a weak, timid, prostrate mind he can represent with a sorrowing pathos as great as Kean in the heroic agony of Othello; and in all the touching domesticities of tragedy he is unrivalled. But he fails in the characters which demand impassioned grandeur and a certain *largo* of execution. His Macbeth and Othello have fine touches but they are essentially unheroic, their passion is fretful and irritable instead of being broad, vehement, overwhelming.

Let us now turn to the Iagos of stage history. It is obvious at once that the interest of the most important scenes, from the point of view of the theatre, lies in the contest between these two characters, a contest, that is, between soul and brain; the noble, impulsive giant-soul of the one man fighting blindly against the keen tormenting intellect of the other. But the tendency, already noted, to reduce Iago from an antagonist to a foil has not infrequently detracted from the effect of this situation, so that the representatives of Iago have received comparatively little notice from the chroniclers of the stage. Davies in his "Miscellanies of Acting" tells us that Colley Cibber acted Iago "in a style so drawing and hypocritical, and wore the mask of honesty so loosely that Othello, who

is not drawn a fool, must have seen the villain through his thin disguises." He adds that Macklin, more famous as the restorer of Shakespeare's Shylock, was in 1744 the only proper Iago that had been seen for a century. But we must pass over more than another century before we come to an Iago over whom we need linger. In 1881 the leading English and American actors of the day, Henry Irving and Edwin Booth, appeared at the Lyceum in a magnificent revival of "Othello" in which they alternated the leading parts. Each excelled in Iago, for each possessed the qualities which make up an intellectual actor rather than the robust characteristics, whether of physique or of temperament, that are requisite for the Moor. Of Irving Mr. William Archer wrote: "In proportion as a character addresses itself to the intellect rather than the sympathy of the audience in precisely the same proportion does Mr. Irving succeed in it. . . . His Iago, who speaks from the brain, comes as near perfection as anything he has done."

The criticism would apply almost equally well to the cold keenly-polished performance of Booth. The American actor has himself left us an interesting analysis of the character as he sees it.

To portray Iago properly you must seem to be what all the characters think you are, not what the spectators know you to be; try to win even them by your sincerity. Don't *act* the villain, don't *look* it, or *speak* it (by scowling and growling all the time I mean), but *think* it all the time. Be genial, sometimes jovial, always gentlemanly. Quick in motion as in thought; lithe and sinuous as a snake. A certain bluntness (which my temperament does not afford) should be added to preserve the military flavor of the character. In this particular I fail utterly, my Iago lacks the soldierly quality. My consolation is that we know him more as a courtier than a soldier.

It is a very significant fact that these two impersonations of Iago, the most notable in the history of the character, have been the work of modern actors; that, whereas the leading tragedians of the past have striven to portray the massive force of Othello, the modern school, which prefers "character acting" to tragedy, has been attracted rather by the delicate subtlety of Iago. Robust declamation, the full outlines

and the majestic style of former times have now given way to the colder triumphs of the analytical intellect, and polished keenness of style. If the tendency to dethrone Othello and exalt Iago is to be checked, this will be done by an actor who is able to apply his intellect, as distinct from his power of indicating the passions, to expressing the sublime simplicity of "the noble Moor."

Macmillan's Magazine.

Gordon Crosse.

FORTUNATA.

"Persona umile e peregrina."

CHAPTER I.

The evening of a summer's day in Rome—when the warm blue of the zenith had burned the horizon into orange, and the young moon, a diamond crescent flanked by a simple star, was already high in the eastern heaven. The streets were crowded; for at this hour the day's work is done, and after the midday scorch—which puts the city to sleep—a cool breeze comes in from the Campagna, and first there is quicker breathing, then movement, then the joyous stir of life and the evening holiday. The *trattorie* were thronged with family parties eating simple bourgeois fare; young clerks and shopmen assembled in groups or patrolled the pavement arm in arm; carriages with gossamer ladies rolled along the Corso; priests and seminarists threaded their way through great throngs of the children of the people all sedate and very clean. For Rome is a clean and a quiet city; no cracking of whips and excited yelling, no fog, no dust; and the strong sunlight of the ages has faded nothing, only burned white things to gold, and yellow things to brown, and grey

things to the purple of emperors—and of mourning.

In this glowing twilight, Tullia di Luca—proud name for a working girl—wandered forth with her lover for their evening playtime. Both were dressed in the peasant costume, which—in Rome—betokens the wearer to be a very tame wild beast, an artist's model dressed in the livery of service. Tullia had all the rich-toned, richly outlined splendor of a gorgeous animal. There was little soul in her dark face, where the blood mantled opulently, the black eyes flashed, and the low gleaming forehead was crowned by thick raven tresses. Her splendid neck, her shapely arms were bare, save for coral ornaments, and she wore massive gold ear-rings. Her head was draped with white, and above her scarlet stays she had a white chemisette and puffed sleeves. Michele Gabrini, her lover, wore blue velvet picturesquely rubbed and faded, a jacket of lamb-skin, and the loosely-laced skin sandals still in use on the Campagna. His clothes were very pretty, but they were too big for him; he stooped and was a poor-looking, sickly lad, with wistful

eyes and delicate features. As a child he had been named the *Angiolino*, and was the darling of all the painters, because of his ethereal, almost transparent, beauty.

The pair met near the Quirinal, and came wandering down the *Via del Serpenti* till they reached the Coliseum; here Tullia lingered to make eyes at a golden-haired German youth who was painting a water-color of the Arch of Titus. Then they went on again till they had reached the trees round the little Archæological Museum, and here Tullia threw herself on the grass and Michele lay with his head on her lap, panting a little. Presently she bought fruit and small round leathery cakes from a man with a paniered donkey; and she fed her companion, coaxing him to eat by putting the morsels into his mouth, and slapping him when he kissed her fingers; her eyes all the while roving among the passers-by.

"And the baby?" said Michele, rising on his elbow, "why have you not brought her? It is five days since I have seen the little one, who will soon be a grown girl, able to sit for the painters, and to throw roses at the Englishmen in the *Via Babuino*."

"Bless me!" said Tullia, "I am in no hurry for that time. I shall be an old woman then, and fat as Monna Giovanna who sits to the Spanish painter for the grandmother in his picture of the Wedding. I am the bride in that picture, and Giovanna, who is not six years older than I, is the bride's grandmother! She rages with fury but she sits! He pays much silver, that painter, and his picture—ah! it will be the wonder of the world!"

"And in this picture who is the bridegroom?" asked Michele, anxiously.

"The Spaniard is not satisfied with the bridegroom. He will paint him anew from a new figure. The new figure will come on Monday and I also must come that we may pose together

for half a day. The new bridegroom is handsome as the Archangel Michael in the Capucin. When I see him, it is clear—I shall adore him more than a mere Michelino like you!"

The lover's eyes began to kindle under the influence of jealousy; but he answered temperately:

"You speak in the air, my Tullia. On the *scala* there are no archangels. I know them all; they are ugly as devils every single one of them."

"That is true; even the *Angiolini*, Michele, have had the indiscretion to grow up; a process in which, somehow, they seem to lose their wings."

He reverted to his former question. "Why, Tullia, have you not brought the baby?"

"*Per Dio!* Am I to be seen dragging an infant about as if I were a nurse? The child is with her nurse. I don't pay half my earnings to do the work myself, thank you!"

"I would not like to think you without love for the little cherub," murmured Michele, vaguely disapproving.

"Is it not love to spend half my earnings on her and buy linen for her as well? You don't do that, Messer Angiolino!"

"But I ought," he cried eagerly, "it's reason that I should feed my own child!" And he impetuously handed forth a *lira*.

"How long, Michelino, is that for?" asked the girl, mockingly, and he hastily supplemented the coin by two others, flushing shamefacedly.

"I'm getting a bit poor, you know," he murmured apologetically. "Wouldn't your Spaniard have me in his picture, Tullia? I'd be glad of a job just now."

"Will you sit for the bridegroom, my friend, or for the beggar at the Church door?"

"Couldn't you tell the painter I was in all the pictures of churches painted by that Englishman with the hard name?"

"Eight years ago, Michelino," said Tullia, not without a touch of compassion.

"Well, then," said Michele, fiercely, pulling his felt hat over his brows, "maybe I'll do for the beggar. It would be a job anyhow!"

She put her hand caressingly on his shoulder. "It's not so bad as being the grandmother, *Angiolino mio!*"

The soft tone bewitched the poor lad, nor was he wholly mistaken in thinking she loved him. Her affection, such as it was, had lasted a very long time; and—under propitious circumstances—was not unlikely to last for ever. She had never forgotten the *Angiolino* he had been when he had first wooed her at his precocious seventeen. The present ruin of his appearance she noted rather with exasperation than with any distinct idea of giving him up. For her class she was wealthy, and during his several long illnesses she had kept him generously. Though she made his life miserable with her flirtations, she had never lost the trick of soothing him with kisses and loving words, sincere enough, at least for the moment. The air was growing chilly, and Michele was seized by a cough which shook his thin frame and brought a hectic flush to his sallow cheek.

"Come along," said Tullia, rising, "you'll be getting the fever next. And keep your three *lire*, Michelino, for San Luigi's feast; write him a letter, praying him to give you back your health and your looks that you may again find favor with the painters. They say San Luigi answers letters when it pleases him; why not? It's worth trying; and the infant has no need of money. I thank you!" said the prosperous girl, proudly.

Then they took their way homewards, Tullia walking in front elbowing her way through the crowd, and

smiling when more than once she heard the complimentary:

"Bella! Bella!"

Michele was hard set to keep pace with her. At last, however, when their progress was checked by a crossing, he seized her arm, and abruptly asked a question which had been trembling on his lips the whole evening.

"Tullia, for the love of God, tell me who gave you those ear-rings? Was it—that same Carabiniere?"

Tullia shook his hand from her arm, and laughed. "Who knows?" she answered, and moved on, pushing him before her till they had reached a little wine shop of their acquaintance, where they turned in. Michele sank on a chair and drank avidly from the flask before him, and Tullia entered into talk with the hostess and her two sons. One of these was a child of ten who also wore the livery of the models, a pretty boy dressed in green and rose color, with long brown hair falling over his face. All day he capered backwards before the foreigners as they emerged from their hotels, offering them carnations as once Michele had done, and making them laugh when he said:

"I speaks Engleesh! Get away! Get away! Get away!"

But presently the Carabiniere who had given, or rather lent Tullia his dead mother's ear-rings, lounged in. He threw himself on a bench pulling the little boy to him with one hand, and with the other touching Tullia's ears familiarly, while he said:

"Very fine, my beauty! very fine indeed!"

Tullia sipping her wine with laughing eyes had soon forgotten Michele, who seemed asleep, crouching before a lonely table, his head on his arm.

"To-morrow," said the soldier, "we go to Porta d'Anzio, whither the noble ladies come to bathe. Those whom you have seen to-night on the Pincio,

will to-morrow at Porta d'Anzio take off their fine dresses, and clothe themselves in the costume of boys and walk into the sea. Yes, and let the waves come upon them and wet their hair!"

"How I should like to see them!" cried the girl.

"Why not? There are trains; there are excursion tickets. There is lodging for you with my aunt, whom I visit daily," added the soldier, "in honor of her sainted sister, my beloved mother."

"And the Spanish painter?" said Tullia. "I sit to him for the bride in his great picture of the wedding."

"He will prize you the more if sometimes you play him false," said the Carabiniere.

"You teach me wisdom!" said the girl.

Michele had looked up and was listening. Unluckily the wine had gone to his weakened head, and though he was furious, his eyes looked merely stupid. He rose, staggering a little.

"Come," he said thickly, "let's get out of this!"

The others stared in consternation, for drunkenness is not so common as to be easily forgiven. A look of disgust crossed Tullia's face, and the Carabiniere, rising and pushing Michele away, said to her:

"I'll take you, my beauty, to see the illuminations on the Pincio."

"I can't," she answered with a shrug, "I'm with him."

"He's drunk!" said the soldier; then Michele struck him. The hostess and the boy screamed, but the tall soldier only laughed, and taking Tullia's hand led her magnificently out into the street, she half unwilling, but too angry with her lover for disgracing her to make effective resistance.

For a moment Michele stood staring stupidly and trying to recover himself. Then the little boy, who found the whole scene pleasantly ridiculous,

pulled his sleeve, and, standing on tip-toe, shouted in his ringing treble:

"He has taken Tullia away with him to Porta d'Anzio to live with his aunt!"

Michele flung the child to the ground and rushed to the door. The pair had crossed the street and were at some distance on the way to the Pincio. Rattling down the street with unholy swiftness, blowing a horn and emitting a cloud of ill-smelling steam, came one of the new motor carriages which have come to assist in the modernization of Rome. Michele neither saw nor heard it; his eyes were fixed upon Tullia. He rushed forward, tottered, missed his footing and fell—full in the path of the advancing monster. He seemed doomed to certain annihilation; but a big youth, loafing along the pavement, his hands in his pockets, his round, boyish face at the moment preternaturally serious, flung himself violently to the rescue, with more zeal however than discretion; and with only partial success.

There was a general confusion and loud screaming of fear and horror. No one was killed, but both Michele and his preserver were struck down and seemingly crushed. All the women went into hysterics, and the little green velvet boy, yelling his loudest, ran for the police ambulance. Presently the two victims were together in the accident-ward of the big hospital of C—two miles off. Michele was sobered and sensible, able to give his name and tell what had happened, but with his thigh badly broken. The other was stunned and lay speechless for many hours.

Tullia di Luca knew nothing of the accident; she had gone to see the illuminations with the owner of the golden ear-rings.

CHAPTER II.

In another quarter of the city Fortunata was the little under-servant at

Signora Evangelisti's Pension in Capo le Case. She ran errands and did the washing and the scrubbing (I hesitate to assert that she scrubbed much) scoured pails and tins, darned stockings and sometimes minded her mistress's baby. Three times a day she descended from the fourth floor of the house in Capo le Case, and ascended to the fifth floor of a house in the Via Due Macelli to fetch the meals; for the signora had two pensions but only one cook and one kitchen for the twin establishments. Fortunata was a little country girl whom the signora had taken out of charity (which meant for very little wages) a year or two ago when her father had been killed by lightning and her mother had sat wringing her hands because she had too many children.

Fortunata at that time was like a little wild animal, so fierce, so shy, so ignorant, and withal so untidy. Almost literally her mistress had to chain her to her post, and no one could count the number of plates she broke in the first fortnight. The foreigners who frequented the pension did not like her; they said she was careless, bad-tempered, even dirty; she frightened them by the way she rushed into their rooms without knocking, or without waiting for an answer after thundering on their doors with her small but powerful knuckles. The fright, however, was mutual, Fortunata's violence being caused entirely by that emotion. She was terrified at her mistress, and terrified at Pompilia, the upper servant, and terrified at the fat cook, and above all terrified at the foreigners. When she heard them talking in their barbarous tongues, she crossed herself; if they spoke to her she invoked the saints; when they misunderstood her semi-patois she ran away; if Pompilia bade her repeat her errand she began to cry. The only person Fortunata was not afraid of was the baby. Her mo-

ments of happiness were spent with him, and she carried him indefatigably up and down the terrace, singing at the top of her voice the uncouth folk-songs which made the musical German lady in the best bedroom stuff all her fingers into her ears.

But by the time Fortunata was fifteen and a half she had lost her savagery. She had grown gentle, almost tidy; was rather a favorite with the foreigners (whom she still detested), and extremely useful to her mistress, to Pompilia, and to the stout cook. As for the baby, he adored her, and not only for the sake of the folk-songs.

Yet at five o'clock on this particular day, Fortunata, alone with the child and responsible for the whole establishment—Pompilia and the signora having gone out shopping—was crying as only an Italian girl can cry. Her tasks surrounded her, all undone; unwashed plates encumbered the table, unmended socks strewed the floor, the baby had not been dressed, and she herself was still in a smudged scarlet blouse, and purple skirt much too short, and torn in the gathers. On the mat before her, set up like an idol to receive sacrifices, were the fragments of the best china milk-jug. The padrona had bidden her prepare it for the American lady, who was giving a tea-party; and oh! Holy Mother of God! the American lady was even now ringing her bell, and pettishly too, for the hour was late and none of the necessary utensils had been brought for her entertainment.

Of all the foreigners Fortunata detested that American lady most. She was a new-comer, very tall, and most uncannily fair; and she looked at people through glasses mounted on a long tortoiseshell pole, which the child took for some form of the Evil Eye. The bell rang a second time, and Fortunata cried on, and shuddered convulsively,

and spread out trembling hands in vain supplication to the broken milk-jug.

Then she sprang to her feet with one of the fawn-like bounds she had learnt on the Campagna, snatched up the baby, blankets and all, the fragments of the jug and a huge green umbrella, and hurried down the stairs and into the street. To face the American was impossible, and moreover she had remembered a little china shop in the Via Tritone, of which the master was a compassionate person, and perhaps capable of sticking the jug together again before the signora's return.

But the rain of a sudden thunderstorm was descending in great sheets, and the baby and the umbrella were ponderous and slippery, and Capo le Case which she must cross had never before been so crowded. Fortunata was almost in tears again, when she felt a great hand on her shoulder, and a loud, pleasant voice was speaking her name, and there close beside her was her one only friend in the whole world, the young Neapolitan mason who last month, when he had had work in the Tritone, used to waylay her every evening to give her a kiss.

Quick as thought Fortunata unladed the infant and the umbrella on him, and herself clinging desperately to the jug she dragged him under a sheltering archway, and poured her woes into his sympathizing ear.

"But the handle came off in my hand, it did, it did, it did!" she cried, "I wasn't doing anything to it! And the signora loves that milk-jug like the Bambino Gesù; and she will scold me till I tell lies, and she will turn me out, I know she will! And I shall die, Michele! I shall die of being starved; or I shall be struck by lightning like my father for telling lies!"

And Fortunata quivered all over, and shrieked as a peal of noisy thunder rattled among the houses.

"*Santo diavolo!*" said Michele, "it

would be better for you to run away, Fortunata."

"But no, Michele, I tell you no!" cried the girl, "it wouldn't be better! I have nowhere to run to. I do not know if my mother is still living, and she would beat me. And on the Campagna there is so little to eat, and I am not strong enough to labor in the fields with the other women."

"It is true," said Michele, putting his arm round her. "You are a weak little thing that I could break in two with my smallest finger."

And he surveyed her, she pressing very close to him, her big anxious eyes fixed on his as if her fate lay in his hands. Michele's rosy face, which had not the Roman gravity, became suffused with vivid carmine, and he said slowly, in a low tone of astonishment, "Fortunata, since I saw you last you have become beautiful as Saint Agnes and the Holy Virgin herself!"

And he bent his head till his eyes rested on hers, and kissed her with a new sort of solemn kiss very amazing to them both. After which Fortunata took the baby, and demurely removed herself to a little distance, sitting down on a step and pushing the hair out of her eyes; looking at Michele, however, and smiling, while a delicate flush came and went on her softly rounded cheeks. And they both felt that a new chapter in the story of their innocent young lives had begun.

What he had told her was true. Fortunata had blossomed like one of those fair southern flowers which open in a single night. She was round and graceful and pink, without a line left of the frowns which had disfigured her childhood. Her tears of an hour ago had left no trace beyond an added brilliance in her long-lashed eyes, which to Michele's thinking gleamed like stars. Presently he followed her to the steps and seated himself by her side, stroking her hand and gently kiss-

ing the edge of her black locks, which rose thick and curly above her pure low forehead. Then he took a long breath, rose, stuck his hands in his pockets and delivered himself thus:

"Fortunata, I am out on strike. The strike will last at least three days, and is very convenient. It has enabled me to embrace my Fortunata, and it will give us time to make all our arrangements. Dear one, I am of opinion that I shall not return to the building trade. The strike will bring no gain to me, for what I desire is not more wages but more freedom, and that is what no strike will give me. While it continues my mother storms like one distracted, and when it is over she will drive me like a slave. Is that a life, I ask you, for a man like me?"

"Oh, Michele," sighed Fortunata, "do not talk to me about the strike, for I cannot comprehend it!"

"I am excused from military service," continued Michele, "because I am the only son of a widow; but I would have liked to go soldiering well enough. My mother works without difficulty; *per Bacco!* she does work! And my three sisters have all got husbands, and all of them live at home with her and me. There are three excellent brothers-in-law, and one cannot cross the floor without treading on infants. When I marry it would displease me much to join that great multitude. My Fortunata, hearken; I will take my wife to Naples, and there I will be a boatman, like my father, who was drowned!"

Fortunata shuddered; however, she inquired with seeming composure: "What is it at Naples which you like so much, Michele?"

"I have often told you, Fortunata. There is an immense sea, bluer than the heavens, and with great waves rolling over it. When the waves come to the edge of the shore they boil over like a saucepan, and turn white and

fall down and are broken to pieces. If you are in a boat you dance up and down, and hear a gurgling round the keel. When the sun shines there are sparkling dancing things on the water which dazzle your eyes. There is a good smell from the sea and always winds blow. At Naples people laugh, and they do not labor as they labor here in this country of my mother's. And there is fish to eat; and so many clothes are not needed as here" (at this Michele dramatically tore off his necktie and flung it on the ground). "The sunshine and the spray are more agreeable than clothes, and very often one can slide into the water and swim. And at Naples," he concluded with enthusiasm, "there is a great mountain with smoke and flames coming out of it, like the mountains of hell!"

Fortunata still shuddered.

"Do people die much in Naples?" she asked cautiously.

"*Santo Dio!* Less than here, and more agreeably! Here they die in beds of the small-pox, and are put into the ground in boxes. There, when the good God wishes it, they fall into the sea and stay in it for ever, listening to the waves and feeling the sunshine through the water."

"I should like very much to see Naples," Fortunata nerved herself to say, after a little pause.

"Then," said Michele, holding out his hands to her, and rearing his head proudly, "it is very plain, my Fortunata, what we must do. We must get married at once."

She manifested no overwhelming surprise, only paled a little, and a mist came over her eyes, as she laid her hands fearlessly in her lover's.

"But, Michele," she said seriously, "I am afraid it is too late to-night. I have the baby, you see, and the milk-jug, and presently there will be the dinner to fetch. And while we are waiting to go to Naples, I should be

very frightened living with your mother and all those infants and brothers-in-law."

Michele sat down and emptied his pockets. He found a large key and a roll of paper money, all of which he handed solemnly to his bride.

"See," he said, "I have already vacated from my mother. I have brought away all my things and these 275 *lire* which I have saved, and which I am now giving to you. And here is the key of a room my mate Giuseppe, who has gone away during the strike, has lent me. There are two holes in the floor and the windows are broken, but it is in a great beautiful house with a staircase finer than ever you saw, and carving over the big door. The room contains two chairs and a grate, and a bench and mattresses; very excellent mattresses, for the room belonged to Giuseppe's brother who died, and who was a mattress-maker and used to take some of the wool, when he went to the hotels, to tease the mattresses. You and I will live in that room, Fortunata, till Giuseppe returns; and we will go there now, and on our way we will call on Padre Bernardo, the priest who married my sister, and ask him to wed us to-morrow."

"And not go back at all?" breathed Fortunata, eyeing the jug and remembering the American.

"Why should you go back, my beloved? They will scold you and beat you and frighten you. But I, Fortunata, will never frighten you about anything. I will love you and kiss you all the day long, as long as ever I live," said the Neapolitan embracing her fervently, and Fortunata sighed like a happy dove and murmured:

"Oh, I shall be very happy with you, Michele, even at Naples!"

"Come, then," said Michele, "we will set out for our room at once."

"Michele," replied the girl, "whether they scold me or not you know I must

take the baby home safe. But I will run away afterwards and come to you in the room with the holes in the floor; that is if you are quite sure it is not wrong living together while we are waiting?"

"How could it be wrong, when we are going to be married to-morrow?"

"I don't know. I can't remember what my mother said about it. Are you quite sure, Michele, it would not be wrong?"

"Quite sure, Fortunata. I would not deceive you for the world. I would be angry with you for not coming with me now, and for loving that infant more than me, if it were not," said Michele, almost awestruck, "that sitting there with him in your arms, and watching him with your soft eyes, Fortunata, you look beautiful as the blessed Virgin herself with the little Gesù." He came nearer, and stooped, putting his hand on her shoulder. "Fortunata, it may be that at Naples you will some day have a better baby than that one, a baby of your own."

Fortunata looked up with a little cry of joy, and again Michele kissed her with great solemnity. Adam and Eve in their paradise were not happier nor more innocent.

CHAPTER III.

Fortune favored the girl's return. She laid the child in his cradle with many kisses, dressed herself in her best frock, and was down the long stair and out into the street again before anyone had seen her. She ran; it was so hard to believe no one was pursuing her. But at the first church she checked herself, threw her handkerchief over her head, went in, and prayed very fervently for Michele and herself; that he might not be drowned nor swallowed up by the burning mountain, but might love her all her life as he had promised; and that she

might be a good wife who never required scolding, and might have a baby of her own. Then, secure in the protection of the Madonna she tripped on again through the streets, a radiant Fortunata; and presently she bought sausages and cheese and buns and other good things; and she asked her way, and went bravely on till she had reached a region quite new to her, where the very poor live in fine but unfinished and half-ruinous houses, and where she hoped Michele was waiting to welcome her with loving eyes.

She found the house, and a woman on the stair told her that it was all right, and that she herself had cleaned out the room after the death of the mattress-maker last week. Fortunata could have spared this detail; she turned away and climbed the long marble stair where dirty children were throwing things at each other, and uncouth noises came from densely-populated rooms.

"Here I am, Michele, beloved!" she sighed, believing that in half a minute she would be clasped in her sweetheart's arms, and that all her troubles and anxieties would be ended for evermore.

But though she found the room, and it was as he had described it, no Michele was in it. She felt a pang of alarm, but the sight of his dusty jacket and necktie reassured her, and she smiled, guessing he had put on his best raiment for the important interview with the parish priest.

And he had made preparation for her coming; cups and brand-new plates were spread on the apology for a table, and a rose, sweet though faded, was tied to the smaller chair clearly designed for herself. She smiled again, and bustled about preparing the feast. Still he did not come, and presently she sat down and sang her folk-songs to amuse herself. It was dark now, and

she hesitated to light the only candle. A tired Fortunata, she fell asleep and dreamed happy dreams of sunshine and love and a baby of her very own.

She awoke with a start upon hearing a loud noise in the room below. For a moment she could not remember where she was; she looked round in terror, expecting to see the dead mattress-maker in her lover's empty chair. The crescent moon served but to make darkness visible. A clock struck, and Fortunata, already terrified by her solitude, could not count the strokes. Surely it struck thirteen! Surely she had fallen under spells of sorcery? Where, oh where, was Michele?

With shaking fingers she lighted her candle, but the night wind instantly extinguished it; that cold blast itself was fearsome, it was like the icy breath blown before them by spectres.

And now, stealing through the night, came the chant of a funeral-hymn. She crept to the window and peered down into the street below. She saw friars, torches, candles, all like phantasmagoria to her frightened eyes. Presently a great black coffin was carried out of this very house.

"Michele is dead," cried the forsaken girl. "I know it! I know it! Michele is dead, and I shall never see him again!"

CHAPTER IV.

Don Bernardo, the priest, had that evening been eating his supper in no very good humor, for his sister was in bed with fever, and consequently there was a musty egg in the omelet. Opposite the priest, and discussing with him socialism, strikes, economics at home and abroad, sat his cousin, a sea-captain; very worldly, slightly quizzical, and imbued with an American go-aheadness which he had acquired on his voyages. Don Bernardo, who read books and had once spent six months

in England, had been accustomed to consider himself a go-ahead sort of person, too, but in the presence of this cousin he felt old-fashioned, ignorant, tame, an unprofitable servant, doing daily what was his duty to do.

"Bring the man in," said the good father somewhat testily, hearing he was inquired for. Enter a very young lad, shy and awkward, dressed in his Sunday best, and wearing in his button-hole the twin of that rose which Fortunata had found tied to her chair. The cousins, both of them short and fat, admired the tall lad, and unconsciously felt favorably disposed towards him and his still-unspoken request.

The boy was oppressed by that dumb devil which sits like a nightmare on the bosoms of the youthful and the modest; however, he stammered out, his words sounding to himself dreadfully unreasonable as he spoke them:

"I want to get married; to-night, father, or to-morrow, or—or I beseech you—next day!"

The sea-captain went into a great roar of laughter, and the priest frowned, vexed that one of his flock should be ridiculous in the presence of this scoffer.

He asked Michele his age, trade, means, prospects; then, abruptly:

"What do you want to marry for?"

The dumb devil did not permit the reply: "Because I love my Fortunata." He persuaded Michele it were more decent to say: "Because Fortunata loves me."

"P-f-f-f." returned the priest, and leaped to the conclusion that the half-grown boy had been seized by an elderly Delilah, as a lamb is seized by a ravening she-wolf.

"Come now—you say you are a man—on strike——"

"To the devil I tell you with strikes!" interposed the captain; "there's a

strike, if you don't call it a mutiny, among the Genoese seamen!"

"You say," continued the priest, "you have 275 lire; where is it, this great gold-mine?"

"I have given it to Fortunata," stammered Michele.

"She's a designing woman! and you, my son, are an idiot. She has no right to your money. As for marrying, it's ridiculous! You lads have hardly any work, you go on strike, lose your pay and your place, you listen to liars who make you false promises, and set you murdering kings and statesmen and each other. You simply can't marry at your age; and on 200 lire. Before you're thirty you'll be a beggar, and your wife will have died leaving half-a-dozen brats. Poverty is the curse of this country. Instead of marrying and becoming a pauper you ought to go to England and learn something about energy and prudence, and—and commerce," ended the priest somewhat suddenly, having detected the captain's quizzical eye fixed on him.

Michele had not followed the argument; but when Don Bernardo proceeded to enlarge upon the responsibilities of wedlock, painting a gloomy picture in the blackest pigments, the poor boy's head drooped. He had not thought of all that; he felt he had been rash in persuading Fortunata to leave her situation. Evidently the father did not intend to marry them; and so simple was Michele he never dreamed of insisting, nor of consulting the civil authorities.

"Go away, my friend," ended the ecclesiastic, waving his hand, "repent this unutterable folly. Wait seven years till you have a beard and 5000 lire in the savings bank. Then you may come to me again; for to-night, *addio*."

"But what is to become of Fortunata?" asked Michele quite cowed. There was no answer; and he added

shyly: "We did not think it would be right, father, to live together without marrying."

Again the captain laughed, and the priest was greatly scandalized.

"I am glad you show some glimmering of intelligence, young man," he said, so severely that Michele could hardly prevent his legs from running away with him at once.

The captain had all this time been staring hard at the youth, and now he struck abruptly into the conversation.

"Exempt from military service, are you? A mason on strike? That's a paltry business for a big fellow like you! You ought to be ashamed of it."

"I'll neither be a mason, nor go on strike any more!" cried Michele. "Rome without Fortunata is hell to me. I'll go back to Naples and drown myself in the sea."

"Naples? The sea? You know the sea then?"

"The sea to me," said Michele, opening his arms dramatically, "is like God's heaven embracing the earth."

"Tut, tut! Would you like to go to sea in a ship?"

"I'd like it better than anything on earth, except marrying Fortunata."

The captain shrugged his shoulders, and said, in the go-ahead tone he had learned in America—

"My ship sails from Genoa on Sunday, and my crew is short-handed owing to these infernal strikes. If you choose to come with me. I'll soon make a man of you."

"You would take me to sea in a ship?" cried Michele, unable to believe his ears. A dreadful thing happened to him—he was only nineteen—he felt that he would rather go to sea than marry Fortunata!

"Boy," said the two men at once, "if you hesitate you are a poltroon, and what is worse even than that, you are a fool!"

"But—but I *promised* I'd marry her!"

said the poor lad again and again; and they could get no decision out of him though they urged him strongly, the priest because he thought Fortunata a she-wolf, and because he fancied his go-ahead cousin was laughing at him; the captain because he had a quarrel with Genoese seamen; both because they were obstinate men, who having carelessly put their hands to a plough were morally unable to draw them back.

Michele went out, a prey to contending emotions so violent he could scarce see where he was going. He had been scolded, and called a rascal and a coward and a baby. Perhaps he deserved it. After all Fortunata was a bit of a child to be a wedded wife, and he himself felt scarce old enough for the brats, poverty, hospitals, crimes and prisons of Don Bernardo's evil forecast. And to go to sea in a ship had been his longing ever since he had waded barelegged in the Mediterranean under shadow of the flaming mountain. Oh! and to see foreign cities, of which he knew so little that he imagined them paved with gold. And to escape from his industrious brothers-in-law, and from the tyranny of his mates, and the tedious talk of strikes and socialism.

But yet—to abandon Fortunata, who trusted him, who loved him, whom he loved. By the love of God, yes! whom he loved, who was beautiful as the Madonna with the infant Jesus in her arms, who was coming to him this very evening in the bridal chamber!

It was at this moment—as he loitered, reasoning with himself, and brushing tears from his eyes like the big baby he was—that his attention was caught by the still unfamiliar sound of a motor car, tearing down the street, emitting smells, noises, and a portentous steam. And, behold, a man in a fantastic dress came out of the

little wine shop swiftly but staggeringly, and started to cross the street in the very path of the advancing monster. Michele did not stop to reflect; he hurled himself to the rescue; the result we know. He partially saved his man, but was himself knocked down and stunned, and borne away to the hospital.

In the middle of the night, the boy opened his eyes and found himself in bed in a strange room, a calm, sweet, severe nun bending over him.

"You saved a poor man's life," she said; "it was worth even great pain to do that, my son."

Michele was very weak, and as she

Temple Bar.

spoke his soul was flooded with despair.

"Fortunata!" he said piteously, "Fortunata!"

And he tried to rise and go away, but the nun would by no means permit this, and he argued and struggled with her, and talked so vehemently about strikes and ships and milk-jugs that they thought him delirious, and were quite sure of it when he gave precisely the same name, "Michele Gabrini," as the man in the bed next to him, who had been brought in at the same time from the same accident, and had broken bones but no head injury, and was quiet and sensible.

Katharine Wyld.

(To be concluded.)

THE YOUTH OF TAINE.*

Admirers of a painter's finished art may often turn with profit to his sketches and even find in these something they missed in that; but, naturally, the public prefers the masterpiece. If Taine's early letters were only (as undoubtedly they are) a curious series of studies for his *Theory of Mind*, we would recommend them only to the inner circle of his admirers.

But they touch the general heart by their spontaneous revelation of a rare and charming character. Here is a young solitary, roaming far afield, careless of mortals,

Fier et même un peu farouche,

existing for other than human ends and needs, dwelling continually in the presence of an invisible goddess, thinking high thoughts, living laborious

days, chaste but not untender, candid, noble, loyal and reserved. Never was mortal more happily named! He is in very truth Hippolytus.

Hippolyte Taine was born at Vouziers in the Ardennes on the 21st April, 1828. He came of a good old bourgeois stock. His forbears for many generations had been lawyers, manufacturers, Government officials, in his native province; practical men, they were yet distinguished among their fellow citizens by a taste for philosophy and natural science. Taine's father, a lawyer, married his cousin, had a son, two daughters, and died when Hippolyte was twelve years old. The widow moved to Paris for the conveniences of education; her father, a retired Sub-Prefect, gave the little household the protection of his society. The old gentleman was a good mathematician and developed this faculty in his grandson; of the two little sisters,

* "H. Taine, sa vie et sa correspondance." T. I., "Correspondance de jeunesse," 1847-1853. Paris: Hachette, 1902.

Virginie, the elder, studied painting, Sophie music. Each had some talent; the home was cultivated, happy and united—nothing rough or common came nigh it. At school, Hippolyte experienced continual triumphs; at college he was the man of his year. And, as we know, at an early age—under thirty—he made a great and striking success in letters and philosophy. But between these two fortunate epochs there stand a few years of trial, rebuff, almost of persecution, and it is this period which is covered by these early letters. A sort of milder Inquisition reigned then in France, especially directed against the Liberals of politics and thought. An historian of social life under the Second Empire would find much material in the book before us.

I.

As we have long divined, Hippolyte Taine was, first of all, a man of feeling. He was so reserved and delicate in mind that, during his lifetime, no mention might be made of his familiar attitude without giving pain; his friends were careful to avoid mentioning his habits and preferences, so that, in this case, it was difficult to obtain the evidence. These letters, however, serve to corroborate our opinion. A devoted brother, a most loving son, an ardent and faithful friend here expresses himself with simplicity. We would fain have printed on the title-page a passage from the author's *Theory of Mind* (*de l'Intelligence*), where, in treating of the different kinds of memory he remarks: "For myself, being a man inclined, above all, to feeling, the only thing which my memory reproduces entire and intact is the precise and particular shade of an emotion—be it harsh, tender, strange, gentle or melancholy—which accompanied of old some outer and bodily sensation. I can thus renew at will even the most com-

plicated and delicate of my inner pains and pleasures, with an extreme exactitude, at a great distance of time."

While still at school, Hippolyte Taine formed more than one great friendship destined to leave its mark upon his mind and to last throughout his life. Cornelis de Witt, the future son-in-law of Guizot, and Crosnier de Varigny were faithfully loved; but the two cherished friends of his heart were Planat—the future Marcellin of the *Vie Parisienne*—who first took him to the Print Room of the Louvre; and Prévost-Paradol, who was to be the brilliant essayist and satirist still well remembered, and who died so tragically, while French Ambassador at Washington. Later on, the dearest friend of all—Edouard de Suckau, a mild young Alsatian philosopher—was to make Taine's acquaintance at the Normal School. Chiefly to these, with his mother and sisters, are these early letters addressed.

Taine was born a Catholic; at fifteen, or thereabouts, his religious convictions fell from him one by one. "Reason appeared in me like a ray of light." At first the world was a chill one—how desolate and naked in the beams of that unearthly inner dawn! The silent lad suffered with all the force of a vehement sensibility: "never more than when admiring some beautiful spectacle, and especially a country landscape, for I felt I could find no object for the ardor and the force within me." Then the course of his studies brought him in contact with metaphysics. "It was my salvation," he exclaims in an interesting fragment (*La Destinée Humaine*) written at the age of twenty.

Englishmen are rarely bred to philosophy, and cannot easily conceive the effervescence, the exhilaration, produced in a thoughtful young Frenchman by the customary course of metaphysical studies.

Taine writes to his Professor in 1847: "I have Descartes open on my table. One of my prizes at school was a volume of Jouffroy. Unless I greatly mistake, I have always had a certain facility for understanding abstractions and for finding generalities. Perhaps such gifts are natural to a cold and serious nature."

He was just nineteen. Hitherto his masters had taught him how to combine elegant phrases and to express himself correctly; now, for the first time, he was shown the laws of thought. For many months he lived in a tumult of ideas, systems, and theories, soaring above reality; soon he was to rise on the wings of Hegel to the dim indistinguishable Fount of universal being; soon he was, with Condillac, to seize the delicate mechanism of the human mind. For a lad of sensitive feeling, recently bereaved of his religion, the obvious resource was Pantheism, of an ardent, poetic, and pious character. Something of this early faith was always to remain and color the writings of the future philosopher; few persons changed so little between twenty and sixty. In August, 1848, on leaving school, he wrote to his comrade, Prévost-Paradol, a letter which I beg leave to quote in French, finding it an example, remarkable in a schoolboy, of the style, at once exuberant and precise, peculiar to the finished art of Taine:—

Ma philosophie ne m'est pas inutile pour mes plaisirs. Je trouve la Nature cent fois plus belle depuis que j'ai réfléchi à ce qu'elle est. Quand maintenant je regarde les longs mouvements des arbres, le jeu de la lumière, la richesse et le luxe de toutes ces formes et de toutes ces couleurs, quand j'écoute ce bruit sourd, incertain, continu, harmonieux, qui s'enfle et diminue tour à tour dans les bois, je sens la présence de la vie universelle; je ne regarde plus le monde comme une machine mais comme un animal; je trouve que

la solitude est animée et parlante et que l'âme se met facilement à l'unisson de cette vie si simple et si endormie qui est celle des êtres inférieurs à l'homme.

II.

In November, 1848, Hippolyte Taine entered the Ecole Normale, a college of the French University designed to supply schoolmasters and professors to the Lycées and Faculties of France; admittance is obtained by a competitive examination, and, save for an entrance fee of something under twenty pounds, for three years the students are instructed, lodged, and boarded free of cost. Residence is enforced and rules are strict. The students of the Sorbonne, the Ecole Agronomique, the Hautes Etudes, Ecole des Langues, and other colleges of Paris lodge in the town or live in their families, merely attending a course of lectures at their own free will; Normale, on the contrary, is a sort of priory for students—Taine calls it *Le Couvent*; hours are early there, men work hard, scorn delights, live plainly, think, debate, discover. At the end of the three years the students pass an examination, open to all the other colleges of the University, in order to obtain the Fellowship, or *Agrégation*, which entitles them to a post in the schools of the State. Many young men enter Normale merely for the convenience of an incomparable education—Normale is the Balliol of France—without availing themselves of the privileges of the Fellowship; thus, among Taine's companions, Edmond About was to become a novelist and archæologist, Francisque Sarcey a dramatic critic, as also J. J. Weiss, and Perraud a Roman cardinal, while Prévost-Paradol, who entered the school in Taine's second year, was to die an ambassador, at forty.

From 1840 to 1851 the brilliant Normal School was in one of its most brilliant

moments. It was a centre of Liberalism in politics and thought; the Director was Dubois, the founder of the *Globe*; the Director of Studies was Etienne Vacherot, the philosopher, author of a remarkable work on the Alexandrians, a man of rare mentality and character, of whom Taine was to leave a striking portrait in the postscript to his *Philosophes Classiques*, under the name of M. Paul. Here About, Sarcey, Taine, Perraud, Gréard, de Suckau, Prévost-Paradol, with the young doctor of the school, Guéneau de Mussy, used to hold memorable symposia. Certain ideas were in the air, and notably that great and ancient theory of development re-animated by Hegel, which Darwin was shortly to confirm. A glance, first at Renan's *Avenir de la Science*, then at these early Letters of Taine's, shows how much alike, towards 1850, thought two young men of wholly different character and extraction, but of almost the same age, of a like susceptibility to philosophical ideas, and each of them (as Renan says of himself) "atteint d'une forte encéphalite," that is to say, living in a brain-fever. At this time, however, the two young thinkers had never met, and Taine first became aware of Renan's existence by a striking article from his pen on Primitive Language, published in the *Liberté de Penser* for December, 1848, from which our young Normannian took copious notes.

In this environment Taine ought to have been, and finally was, almost absolutely happy. But the extraordinary sensitiveness of his constitution made him always at his worst and most miserable in the society of strangers. During his first months at Normale he suffered from one of those periods of hypochondria which were the recurrent trouble of his life; to this home-bred and fastidious youth the inelegant and somewhat *débraillé* way of life, the hilarious familiarity of his

fellow-students was a burthen. When once the black dog slipped from his back no one was more charming, more brilliant, more amiable. A great friendship with one of his comrades, Edouard de Suckau, soon restored him to this happier self, and Taine became the natural leader of the young men whose vitality had weighed upon his spirits. One of his companions, M. Charaux, has left a touching sketch of the young philosopher: "The Taine of our early years, so pure and calm of expression, with his gentle, half-veiled glance, his head held slightly on one side in his customary attitude of the listening disciple."

Professors and students alike proclaimed him, for depth and variety of knowledge, the first man of his year. His encyclopædic learning astonished his comrades, who, in any vexed question, used to turn to his pages, as they said: "Où est Taine? Allons le feuilleter!" He was an authority on all their special hobbies; with one or another he studied medicine, physiology, natural science, history, theology, metaphysics, sociology, and literature; he revelled in music. With two of his fellow students he loved to play the trios and sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven—"though he puts too much philosophy into his music," exclaimed the violinist. One can hardly put too much philosophy into Beethoven, and the magnificent description of the last sonata in *Thomas Graindorge* shows that Taine, at least, had the root of the matter in him.

The one fault that, wisely enough, his teachers rebuke is "an excessive love of abstractions." Of these teachers one, at all events—Etienne Vacherot—has proved himself a critic and psychologist of no mean rank, for his notes on Taine, written while the young man was at Normale under his care, are an admirable moral portrait: in the light of Taine's subsequent ca-

reer, we see not a word to change. It is rare indeed that the insight of a contemporary should be so just and so illuminating.

The hardest working, the most remarkable student I have known at the Normal School. He has a prodigious fund of learning for his years, and an ardor, an avidity in acquiring knowledge of which I have never seen an example. His mind is most remarkable for rapidity of conception, delicacy, subtlety and force of thought. Only he understands, conceives, opines and formulates too soon—he has, indeed, an excessive love of formulas and definitions to which too often he sacrifices the reality of things, but quite unconsciously, for no mind could be more sincere. Taine will be a remarkable professor, but especially a *savant* of the first rank, if his health allow him to live long enough to carry out his ideas. Notwithstanding great gentleness of character and the most amiable manners, his mind is of an indomitable firmness; no one exercises the least influence on his way of thinking. As for the rest he is hardly of our world of flesh and blood. Spinoza's motto will be his: Live to think! His behavior and conduct are excellent. As for his morals, I doubt whether this rare spirit knows any passion save the love of Truth. In all examinations and competitions he is by far the first of his year.

While Taine was developing his brilliant gifts in an atmosphere of loving appreciation, the face of the world in France was slowly changing. The Paris outside the gates of the Normal School was no longer the Liberal Paris he had left in 1848. In 1851, on the eve of the *coup d'état*, conservative and clerical ideas ruled the day. From high quarters a secret fiat had gone forth to discourage too much philosophy in the instructors of youth, and Taine's reputation, which had spread beyond the "Convent" walls, in no wise commended him to his future examiners.

In vain his Professors warned him to

avoid the expression of ideas which might prove a scandal to those in power, and, above all, to quote no author later than the eighteenth century, avoiding the theories of Hegel. Fate was against him. In September, 1851, he went before his jury: the president was Count Joseph Portalis; the members were idealist philosophers such as Franck, Garnier, and the Abbé Noirot. It is true Bénard was of the number—the translator of Hegel, who first had lent the German's books to Taine some two years before; thanks to him Taine was not rejected after the oral examination. Portalis and Franck appear to have been violently prejudiced against the young candidate—far more so than the indulgent cleric. The oral examination for the Fellowship consists of two debates and a lesson given in presence of the examiners. In the debate a fellow student appears to have done his best to trip up the man of his year; the question was: "The proofs of the Deity contained in Bossuet." "Sir," cried this young man, "you appear to confuse Bossuet and Spinoza!" The shaft struck home; Portalis or Franck might have set it winging. The lesson gave no greater satisfaction. "Over the heads of the audience," said the examiners, and thought not they pronounced a verdict on themselves. Brief, Taine was plucked, to the no small scandal of the University. "You cannot imagine," writes Prévost-Paradol, "with what force, clearness, precision, logic and elevation my friend Taine conducted the debate. I was proud of him. Never had I seen him so supple, so nervous, so lucid, so perfectly at his ease. His speech was animated and regular, with a contained ardor, an inner flame which gave life to his words. It was passion clad in reason;—and they refused him!"

"My dear Taine," wrote Jules Simon, "all your masters will tell you, as I

tell you, that your success appeared to us certain." "At least you *ought* to have been classed first on the list," wrote M. Vacherot. "I hear you were condemned for heresy."

So, with a great injustice mitigated by the sympathy and applause of his friends and masters, ended the college days of Taine.

III.

The first man of his year, as such, had hoped for a post in reach of Paris, where he might have seen his mother and sisters, worked in the public libraries, continued to frequent his friends. But, after his disgrace, he was content to accept the place of *locum tenens* to the Professor of Philosophy at the country college of Nevers. A college is something less than a lycée, though also a sort of public school; as for the post, I do not think it exists in our English system—it is the highest in the degrees of school-teaching: the lessons on philosophy being, so to speak, a sort of transition between the school curriculum and a university course; they are generally addressed to lads between eighteen and twenty years of age, and treat of ethics and metaphysics.

The titular professor was absent for reasons of health. Taine knew that his exile could not last for more than six months; his new duties were not unpleasant to him. Injustice itself will often act as a spur to a generous nature, increasing the power to act and to excel. The first months at Nevers were not unhappy. With fifty pounds a year, a shelf of books, a piano, time to think and leisure to write, the young philosopher declared himself a man to be envied. The first draught of solitude is apt to fly to the head; and though, if prolonged, the after effects may be unpleasant, the initial sensation is exciting.

I shall make no visits; my mind is too much of an aristocrat and Nevers too Boeotian. But, half the day, I dwell in a happier sphere, with my absent friends, my books, my piano, and above all my work. I am making experiments on myself and have begun a long study on sensations. You know that I believe our feelings—our bodily sensations—to be the starting point of all psychology—In prying into them. I hope to find some evidence as to the nature of the soul . . . with my feet on the fire-dogs, reading, smoking, stirring the logs, I lead the life of a hermit. Sure of my brain-full, I care little enough about the rest, and so at least am certain of never being bored. What a word, my dear, is that word of home: *chez soi*! With a fire, books, tobacco and a piano, a fig for ennui!

Hegel and Condillac were still his masters: an odd pair, who surely never thought to run in harness; a reader no less odd, who found in either an equal pleasure! In their co-ordination, confirmed by studies in the school of Claude Bernard and the great modern physiologists, we find the starting point of Taine's psychology; but in the end Condillac was to influence him infinitely more than Hegel. Many years later, in his *Philosophes Classiques*, he referred to this not unhappy autumn at Nevers.

For a whole year, in the provinces I read Hegel every day, and it is probable that never again shall I find the fine freshness of those first impressions. Imagine Spinoza, topping Aristotle, lifted on to that pyramid of sciences which modern experiments have piled up during these last three hundred years. Half suffocated, I rolled through the depths of Being and Nothingness, rapt, as it seemed for ever from the solid earth, and I might have thought that science could no further go, if, far off, on the corner of my study table, I had not caught a glimpse of a volume of Voltaire supporting a treatise by Condillac.

If our mortal happiness, as Taine

loved to declare, lies in being able to escape from the real world for five or six hours every day, then those first months at Nevers were really happy. His little room enclosed a vast and multiple life, leading to the Infinite by the avenues of music, feeling, and philosophy. His own self supplied an abundant material for his researches; hours were passed in minute examinations of the five senses; tests of hearing, sight, smell, touch, and taste patiently verified. But a schoolmaster who dines every day at his inn cannot wholly evade contact with the solid human world. Here, too, the humorous mind of Taine found a source of amusement.

This year (he writes to his mother) is perhaps an unique opportunity for examining the manners of a country town, its inhabitants, its mediocre grammar-school—in fact, the real provinces.

Un jour il redirait à ses petits enfants

Les mœurs de la République
Nibernique.

There is an echo of Stendhal in this phrase which we shall catch over and over again. Every very young man of genius is under the influence of some private mental idol. In Taine's case, the invisible mentor was Henry Beyle, and if the humors of Nevers entertain him it is because he sees them through the spectacles of Julien Sorel.

The chaplain is a man of parts, but a rascal. He returned my call; I accompanied him to the stair-head when he left, and there he said, "We can be of some use to each other. We can give each other aid—and warning. For instance, will you let me know if any of your pupils show signs of *irreligion*?" I stared at him, struck dumb, and when I had recovered sense enough to answer he had disappeared down the staircase.

On Sundays our young schoolmaster

took a holiday from school and psychology alike, made up a good fire, put on a cosy smoking jacket, and gave himself up to music and the perusal of his favorite authors—which, all his life, unchanged, remained his bedside favorites: how often have I seen him read them in his last illness! There was Stendhal, of course, Sainte-Beuve and Marcus Aurelius—a little after (but still well to the fore) we may rank Balzac. (Forty years later, how often have we quoted them together! I remember saying to him that the Napoleon of his great history reminded me of the Napoleon of Balzac's *Médecin de Campagne*. "Quite true—quite true!" he exclaimed eagerly—"I owe much to Balzac!" And one day, in Savoy, at his country seat, I remember how he tried to convert M. Renan to the faith; but Renan could never read a novel. Taine settled his friend in a comfortable seat under those big trees near the Abbaye at Talloires, by the edge of the lake, put in his hands a volume of Balzac and left him for his usual methodical walk; on his return Renan was fast asleep and nodding his sagacious head; Balzac had tumbled in the water. . . Ah, old memories! vain digressions! Yet less vain, perhaps, in this case than in any other, for Taine, once arrived at maturity, seldom revised a judgment. The old friends, the old books, were still the new ones.) At Nevers, in 1851, Marcus Aurelius was already his comforter; Stendhal and Sainte-Beuve were his masters in psychology. In reading these early letters we often smile to see how Taine identifies himself with his odious friend Julien, qualifying as "prudent," "docile," "cautious," or even "honeyed and serpentine," a course of conduct which, in any eyes but his own, appears the maddest audacity and a flat flying in the face of authority. When the books at last were shut, the piano stood open. "Since Happi-

ness and Beauty do not exist," Taine was to say in *Graindorge*, "we have invented Music and Art in their image." Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart alternated with improvisations, "ridiculous enough, no doubt," he says, "as regards composition and harmony, but which express my ideas and make me happy. The piano is a magnificent instrument. One's fingers ripple up and down the keyboard, or else one can play full chords, with both hands, from one end to the other of an air, and it sounds majestic, like organ-music, or Meyerbeer's operas."

While Taine was thus amusing himself with books and work and healthful play, the last months of 1851, shod with down, raced on towards a great catastrophe.

IV.

Deep in his philosophy, Taine paid little heed to the course of external events; was he not quietly preparing a revolution of his own? Already, in 1849, at Normale, he had thrown on paper the first rough project of a great work which was to occupy him during more than twenty years, his *Theory of Mind, De l'Intelligence*. He was in contradiction with the thinkers of his day. The shades of Royer-Collard and Jouffroy, recently dead, enforced by Victor Cousin, Franck and Garnier, vigorously alive, ruled French philosophy with a rod of iron. All were Idealists—spiritualists, as we say in France—all believed in the absolute separation of soul and body, and placed above the apparent world an ideal counterpart, situate beyond the confines of space and time, ruled by a Providence distinct from the double world it governs. According to them the soul was free, absolutely free, to make her choice of good and evil, being in no wise bound or determined by her mortal conditions of heredity,

education, health, environment, disease. So proclaimed the Sorbonne, to whom any other explanation of the universe appeared a mischievous heresy. Meanwhile Taine was reflecting that the soul is free, given her conditions, to choose such or such a course of action by them determined, much as a roller is free to roll down an inclined plane. And to him the spiritual and the physical world—the life of movement and the life of moral emotion—appeared as the double face of one mystery, Nature. This philosophy, which we should call Determinist or Monist, appeared the rankest materialism to the Idealists of 1850.

In his *Philosophes Classiques* Taine was to give us an illustration of the systems then at war, so happy that we cannot do better than reproduce it here, since in considering the youth of Taine it is necessary to touch on this vexed question of metaphysics. "I imagine," says he, "a living species, let us say the cornflower. Every single cornflower dies in the course of a year, but the genus is maintained by the seed which each plant has produced; as many cornflowers will come up next year; the individual withers but the race survives. This race or species which always tends to exist, yet which could not exist without a succession of mortal individuals, we will call the Ideal Cornflower. According to the German Pantheists the Ideal Cornflower is God; and the sum of all the cornflowers which He produces is the world. According to the Materialists, there is no ideal cornflower, only individual cornflowers. According to the Deists, there is no ideal cornflower, but a remarkably clever workman who turns out each individual cornflower. According to the Positivists, we have no means of ascertaining the existence of an ideal cornflower; and so it is best to occupy ourselves with the individual cornflowers." The last proposi-

tion, with just a dash of the first, gives the philosophy of Taine.

Influenced in his early youth almost exclusively by Hegel, his analytic method of research brought him nearer year by year to the school of Condillac. Taine held that our ideas are so many signs, a sort of shorthand, in fact, which sums up a mass of previously acquired experience and sensations. An idea, in fact, is a *résumé*, a sort of abstract. A dog sniffs along a stubble field; a certain scent raises in his mind the image of a partridge, a hare, or perhaps of his master. That evolving of an image from a sensation is the early stage of thought, which afterwards goes on to evolve an abstraction from a mass of images. The man who has in his brain the greatest number of these signs, who can connect them together, seize their analogies—who lives, in fact, with ease in a world of abstractions—is the superior man, the genius, thinker or poet; and the slower we are to connect the abstraction with the image, and the image, in its turn with the sensation, the lower is our intellectual rank. My husband, Emile Duclaux, had an old Auvergnate nurse, a humble peasant woman, who, after forty years of service, was as simple as the day she first left her mountain hamlet. One day, in Paris, he took her to an exhibition of sculpture. To his astonishment she could see no resemblance between the images and the objects represented. She laughed when he told her that such and such a block of salt was the portrait of a gentleman (and yet he did not show her Rodin's Balzac), and, in a group of dogs, she could not distinguish the heads from the tails. The unfamiliar sign meant nothing to Catherine. . . . And yet even old Catherine lived in a world of abstractions. When you said "a tree," she saw neither the wind-baffled fir-tree by the gate, nor the cherry in the orchard, nor the beech

clinging to the mountain-scaur; when you said "an animal," she called up the image neither of a fox nor a fowl, but perfectly understood something as different from any single living thing as yon stiff, stone, colorless shape, from a pied Cantal sheep-dog, with its pointed nose, odd blue eyes, bushy tail and furry coat, live and barking. Her stock was smaller, that is all. Memory, learning, imagination had supplied her with few images, fewer abstractions. And since these are the food of thought, *la vieille Catherine* was not a great thinker.

I am well on in my study of sensations (Taine wrote to his friend, de Suckau, in November, 1851), I make the most curious discoveries. Our school—much more idealist than it knew—has unconsciously feared to probe too closely the relations of soul and body. Remember that, according to me, our sensations comprehend that inner sort which we call images, which are the objects of consciousness in all the higher workings of the mind. No one yet has probably studied the connections of these images. That is my province! Thine also! Psychology is our trysting-place.

V.

Meanwhile, on the 2nd of December of this same year, 1851, M. Louis Bonaparte (who for three years had been President of the French Republic, to which he had taken the oath of allegiance) suddenly arrested all the leading members of the Republican and Royalist parties, pronounced the dissolution of the Legislative Assembly, and usurped the supreme power. An appeal to the people confirmed the Prince-President in his rights for a period of ten years, and, as we know, in 1852, a second plébiscite elevated him to the rank of Emperor with the style of Napoleon III.

This "opération de police," as M. de

Vogüé has called it, did not come to pass without resistance. Some thousands of Liberal Frenchmen, more or less eminent, were murdered, sent into exile, or transported beyond the seas. All over France indignant towns and villages rose up in protest and revolt. At Clamecy, near Nevers, the populace carried the town by assault, burned and pillaged private property, and murdered the police. Troops were sent down from Paris to maintain order, and aggravated the butchery. Taine shrunk in a violent recoil from usurper and insurgents alike.

O politics, hideous word! Those in power steal public liberty, shoot down some three or four thousand citizens, commit perjury. The populace steals and murders. I dare not form a wish for the triumph of either combatant nor choose between a Russian autocracy or an anarchy of secret societies. I'd rather cut off my hand than offer it to either party.

The triumph of the people would mean a general pillage, probably a civil war. I could only wish for the triumph of an idea. I can see Right nowhere. I can but resign myself to being of no party, to hating all alike, as I long for the advent of Knowledge and Honor. Meanwhile Philosophy opens her sanctuary. *Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena.*

English people have often an affection for the Second Empire. I have always wondered why! Especially in its first period of absolute government, from 1852 to 1860, it seems to me, at least, the most odious régime in modern history, more Spanish than French in its coarse display, its brutality, and its extraordinary mingling of the hypocrisy of a dominant clergy with the frivolity of soldiers and women. No place in it anywhere for a free mind or honest speech. From the first day our young schoolmaster at Nevers appears to have foreseen the course of affairs.

It was clear that M. Bonaparte would support and be supported by the Clerical Party. First of all, the memory of his uncle; secondly, the need of counting on the only really powerful corporation in France. Be sure that, against the spread of ideas, he will use everything that is their enemy: the brutal discipline of the army, the selfishness and cowardice of the landed interest, the country legends of Napoleon, and that great extinguisher the Clergy. As for us we smell of brimstone! They will probably, suppress Philosophy as a means of entering the University.

And in fact some three weeks after the *Coup d'Etat*, on Christmas Day, 1851, the Minister of Public Instruction suppressed the examination in Philosophy for the *Agrégation*. Henceforth inoffensive Rhetoric alone dangled in her persuasive hand the keys of the Sorbonne. "As if it were a Praise to know what might be Said and not what should be Thought." (But there is a world of difference between a Bonaparte and a Bacon.)

The suppression of this examination blocked, so to speak, the future of Taine. He could not pass in rhetoric with a thesis on sensations. All his plans had to be made over anew. But the problems of private conduct were so pressing that at first he had little time to think even of his nearest interests. His friends were among the vanquished party—the Liberals; Prévost-Paradol urged him to join them in a public protest against the usurper. But here Taine rebelled: his convictions asserted the right of the majority to choose their ruler, and had not the plébiscite, however obtained, confirmed the authority, now legitimate, of the usurper? Napoleon III. was abhorrent to his soul. When, on the morrow of the *Coup d'Etat*, the Rector of the College of Nevers had asked Taine to sign an address of "gratitude and felicitation" to the Prince-President, the

young man flatly refused, and in so doing was alone among his colleagues. But since then the plébiscite had declared Napoleon the Elect of the Nation. There was nothing to do but to acquiesce.

In Paris the Liberals went singing to their martyrdom. And here was Taine quietly taking the oath of allegiance! Such conduct seemed inexplicable, and almost unpardonable, to his fiery young friend Prévost-Paradol. Normale had made a point of its resistance; Vacherot, Libert, Dubois, Jules Simon and others of Taine's old masters were giving lessons for their bread; Prévost kept his renegade friend informed of each heroic detail. The words were courteous enough, but, says Taine, "the tone conveys clearly enough: 'my friend Taine is half a coward; he quiets with sophistries an uneasy conscience.'" What seemed sophistries to the ardent young Liberal were to his friend laws of reason and therefore laws of conduct. "Seven million votes," he replies to Prévost, "cannot make wrong right, or justify the conduct of M. Bonaparte, but they give him a right to be obeyed."

"Seven million horses!" ejaculates Prévost in a fit of temper. "Exactly," rejoins his friend. "And seven million horses have no doubt a moral right to dispose of their own possessions. An idiot is master of his field. . . Truth has not changed—Pascal's *apologue* is just as true as ever. Do you remember it? 'Who is to take precedence? The wisest, you say; but who shall decide? Yonder man has four lackeys and I have one; let him pass first; his right can be counted on our fingers and I should be a fool to contest it.' Now the majority has chosen Bonaparte."

And Taine refuses to give way or yet to quarrel with his friend. "Do you think I could break a friendship of five years' standing! Brothers in philosophy, politics and literature, our

minds were born together, or rather each fathered the other." And the bond resists, but not without a momentary sense of tension, detachment—as the Italians say, *distacco*.

Blamed at Nevers for his hostile attitude to the new order of things, regarded by his friends, as a virtuous sort of traitor, Taine found himself surrounded by a moral atmosphere singularly chill and dull. In the natural reaction from the violent excitement of December and January, he fell again a victim to his customary foe of melancholy. This form of hypochondria, which appears to be an exhaustion of the cerebro-cardiac nerves, is common in persons of the literary temperament, and, though probably less serious than distressing, is indeed a most crippling affliction while it lasts. Taine was to know it later in its gravest form; at Nevers in 1852 he was less sick than sorry. As a rule, in these moments, he strove to lose himself in work; but could he drown care in the niceties of Latin prose and Greek verse, grown as indifferent to him as his childhood's toys? He found it impossible to take seriously an examination in Classics, and he had not in all the town a single friend with whom to talk over his difficulties.

His letters to Edouard de Suckau are a mirror of his state, which he describes alternately as a "painful numbness," a "moral asphyxia" and a "tormented nightmare." All the charm had gone from solitude; he saw now that, if indeed the solitary be free, it is with the wrecked unenviable freedom of drifting spars and flotsam. Human activity presupposes human relations; few indeed can support undetected the hermit's life. Even though a man sequester himself to attain a higher conversation, his days can but be sad, however noble, since nearly all our cheerfulness comes to us from contact with our neighbors, or from the

changing face of Nature. Even without the incomparable pastime of a passionate devotedness, any human being surrounded by family and friends is provided with wholesome entertainment, with little cares, little duties, trifling pleasures and expectations that hedge him in from melancholy; and which, if they be not a great happiness, are often the small change of it, and all that we poor mortals are likely to get. The member of an affectionate household, living in the country, has scant excuse indeed for melancholy. But a friendless youth alone in winter in a mediocre town cannot long go on singing: "My mind to me a kingdom is!" What a desert soon becomes that kingdom!

And so his letters run:—

I've a black cloud on my spirits. It happens often when my head takes to aching, if I have no other resource than to make fun of myself—or, perhaps, to think of my great stoic consolation, "To die! to sleep!"

The proud solitary can no longer live alone! I have such a passionate longing to fling my arms round some human being I love! And my sick head prevents me from working. This is moral asphyxia! Shall I grow resigned after four or five years of solitude in the provinces?

I am deep, deep in the Slough of Despond!

How I hate being a martyr! . . . I hunger and thirst for a friend . . . I stifle here!

VI.

In the first days of April, 1852, Taine, at Nevers, received a letter signed by no less a personage than the Minister of Public Instruction. The tone of this missive was severe and threatening. Taine had been sent to Nevers in disgrace, to expiate his heretical opinions, and he had persevered in the error of his way. He was therefore cut off from the profession of

Philosophy, and appointed *locum tenens* to the Classical Master of Poitiers, himself absent from his post. In Classics his opinions were deemed less likely to contaminate the mind of youth.

I am resolved to prove you in a form of teaching less dangerous to your own interests. But I do not envisage without anxiety the results of this experiment. It is my duty to inform you that, should you not satisfy me on this occasion, I shall be obliged to dispense with your further services.

H. Fortoul.

Although it was a further disgrace, the change of scene restored Taine to health; the very injustice was a fillip to his spirit, which determined so to order his future as to cast the discredit back upon his persecutors. Poitiers was new, untried. He found a constant diversion in the very dulness of the aristocratic little town, in the suspicious supervision of the Rector, and in his own conformity. His sarcastic temper saw matter for mirth in his refusal of Pascal and Molière to the boys in his class, as immoral authors—it is true he had referred his decision to the authorities. Taine determined to out-Poitiers Poitiers. "Our history," he exclaims, "is that of Julien at the seminary." He quotes Stendhal, makes mock of his official superiors, has wild fits of piano-playing, writes long amusing letters to his family and friends, and plunges with renewed delight into his Theory of Mind.

Why should he not abandon the Fellowship and try his fortune with a doctor's degree? A doctor in philosophy would be sure of a place in some provincial school. And here the Theory of Mind would serve its turn. So reasons Taine, forgetting M. Fortoul's opinion of his agnosticism, for which he is doing penance at that very hour. He contemplates maintaining in the orthodox Sorbonne a thesis which asserts that the sentient soul is situate in, and

indivisible from, the nervous system. If it be the highest form of knowledge to know one's men and how to make use of them, Taine was indeed a fool. But if we are wisest in devoting ourselves to that we do the best, then he was both wise and happy, for the exercise of his master faculty brought with it a sense of power and of delightful ease.

To think, and then to set in order one's ideas, and then to write them down, what a happy thing it is! The more one keeps one's thoughts to oneself, the happier these hours of work; they have something of the secret confidence of lovers' meetings.

I think Spinoza and Descartes were happy in their villages in Holland. If I could afford it I would go and live as quietly on a fifth floor in Paris. Knowledge is worth that one should love her for herself and not as a mere means of success. . . . Yes, I quite understand the lives of Descartes and Spinoza, and I cannot see why we should not do like them. True, Descartes had the supreme good fortune of a small independence, but the other had to polish spectacle glasses for a living, just as we give lessons in Rhetoric.

I live in a hole like a philosophic rat. Just now my hole is to my liking, music cheers me, the sky is blue, and all I ask for is: Letters!

But in the month of July the thesis on Sensations was rejected by the University of Paris. The examiner sent it back to Taine with the remark that even in philosophy a man of common sense takes some account of the state of public opinion; he added to a friend that M. Taine's ideas were known; he had better go in for literature, for he would never be allowed to take a degree in philosophy. "To the devil with all inquisitors," cries Taine. "'Tis a sentence of death!" and then, in a burst of irony à la Stendhal, he resolves to follow the examiner's advice, to go in for a literary subject, and,

this time, milk for babes; he proposes to take his doctor's degree with a thesis on the Fables of La Fontaine.

"Not that I forsake my rejected thesis," he writes to his sister in August, 1852. "Ten years hence I shall print it, when I have completed it to my liking—it will make a sizeable book . . . I have plenty of shot in my pouch, but I don't mean to scatter it grain by grain. When I've got a good gun-full, then—oh then, be sure!—I'll fire it off bang in the face of Official Truth. Meanwhile—

"Le soin de mon troupeau m'occupe tout entier."

VII.

In his letters home—careful not to grieve the tender mother and young sisters whom he cherished with a kind, protecting love, Taine makes light of his troubles and indulges at most in a burst of wild sarcasm at intervals. But, in his correspondence with Prévost and de Suckau, we see how sharp was the blow.

I was deceived, I suppose, by the intoxication of composition. I saw my syllogisms so startlingly clear. I thought the Sorbonne would repudiate my doctrine but accept my propositions as a working hypothesis. . . . I need all my philosophy to accept the thought of a life dragged out at Poitiers or Draguignan, in complete moral solitude, vexed and crossed at every turn.

He resigned himself, however, to this position, on the reflection that two hours of teaching every morning earned his bread and left him twelve hours a day for his own work. With the incurable optimism of your professed pessimist, he even flattered himself that he was doing very well at Poitiers, that he had quite won over the Rector and was sure of excellent notes, when, in September, a second letter from the Minister informed him that he was transferred to Besançon

as master of the lowest form—the VI. class, in France. To teach French grammar to little boys! This was polishing spectacle glasses with a vengeance.

In a natural moment of revolt, Taine declined the appointment, asked and obtained a long furlough and came up to Paris, where he settled in one small room of a modest inn situate in the Rue Servandoni. He had about fifty pounds a year of his own. A few private lessons easily doubled this sum and soon he obtained in addition a class in a private school. In February, 1853, he writes to his mother—putting, as usual in this case, his best foot foremost—

I don't know why I devote two hours a day to giving lessons—an hour would do quite well. There is no possible means of spending one's money here (in Paris! under the Second Empire!). The theatre once in a way, a concert or so, cost really very little. I have never been happier. Even if I could spend, say fifteen-pence instead of ten-pence, on my dinner—should I be any better off? I don't bother my head about such trifles.

Taine found himself in Paris surrounded by a little cultured group of what we may perhaps call native Emigrés. The "Intellectuals" of a former day, relics of the old Liberal order, were out of office, in disgrace, and for the most part reduced to taking lodgers or giving lessons for their daily bread. It is in the French temperament to keenly enjoy persecution suffered for an idea—especially for a political idea—and they were not uncheerful.

Names as great in the University as those of Vacherot, Jules Simon, Barthélemy-St.-Hilaire, Dubois, Bersot, Libert, illuminated the little circle. These were voluntary martyrs surrounded by an aureole. All of them were Taine's old masters; and doubtless he felt more at ease with these

heroic Non-jurors since he had ceased to profit, in however miserable a measure, by the bounties of "M. Bonaparte."

In the Preface to his *Philosophes Classiques* he recalls affectionately his garret of the Rue Servandoni; the students, his comrades, the men of science, his friends and masters, whose society made poverty so enchanting.

In 1852 I lived in the Latin Quarter with half-a-dozen other young men fond of reading; they spent their days in the libraries, the university, the hospitals. In the evening, our great amusement was a good debate.

One of them was a mathematician and Orientalist (Wöpke); another was a botanist deep in the physiology of orchids; a third was a doctor who studied the heredity of disease; a fourth, an artist, pretended that the social history of France was locked up in the portfolios of the print room (Planat). Several were great in law; others proficient in chemistry. We were acquainted with divers men of learning and artists, whom we treated as our superiors because they made us welcome as their equals. Our discussions were spirited and sincere. We laughed aloud at all that was laughable, and when we encountered a piece of bad logic—were it never so official—we sent it to the right-about for a fool and a foe.

Such were the hours of relaxation. But Taine worked hard; besides the lessons he gave, besides the composition of his thesis, several hours every day were filled with scientific pursuits. He studied botany under Jussieu, zoology under Geoffrey-St. Hilaire, psychology and anatomy at the School of Medicine. He haunted the dissecting-room and visited the famous madhouse of the Salpêtrière, where one of his cousins was resident physician. All this, of course, was not in view of the *Fables de la Fontaine*, but of that Theory of Mind which Taine could never lay on the shelf. But La

Fontaine, too, had his turn. When a man has composed for himself a certain peculiar system of envisaging things—a *Weltanschauung*—he can pour his wine into any vessel. La Fontaine provided his biographer with many themes for philosophising—it was in reviewing the enchanting fabulist that Taine invented his theory of the "Milieu," in which he maintains that character, and even genius, are determined by the race, the historical period, and the environing circumstances in which an individual is placed. Genius is always a *résumé*. La Fontaine, like all great men, resumed in himself a nation, a moment, and a civilization. And so there is a kinship between a French garden by Le Nôtre and a tragedy by Racine. La Fontaine could not have existed without the delicacy, the sobriety, the spirit, gaiety and Gaulish mischief, the refined art and ceremonious education of the seventeenth century in France. Taine is so fired by his subject that he writes to De Suckau, "There are only two things really worth doing: metaphysics, the great generalities which embrace the universe; or a monograph, the detail of a life or a soul." Already he begins to think of a pendant to *La Fontaine*—already he begins to muse in his leisure hours how the inner life, the precision, the energy, the natural English sadness, taken with the fire, the pagan fancy of the Renaissance, served to produce a Shakespeare. Perhaps in a half-page of Taine's *La Fontaine* we have the earliest hint of a history one day to be written on these lines, that History of English literature which was to be the masterpiece of Taine.

VIII.

Notwithstanding a dose of philosophy which they certainly found excessive, the high gods of the Sorbonne

consented to accept *La Fontaine*, and on the 31st of May, 1853, Taine was proclaimed a Doctor in Letters. Shortly after he competed for and obtained a prize offered by the French Academy for the best essay on Livy (Titus Livius). He is no longer an obscure young man; his road is clear to the fortieth armchair.

And so we leave our young philosopher well on his way, fully equipped for combat, already in possession of character and genius which are to achieve nobility and fame. We know him in his essentials; he will change but little. At sixty we admired in him the same half-shy candor, the same conciliating and affable kindness tempering an iron will; we saw him as affectionate and faithful to the few he knew, as scornful and impatient of the many-headed beast, as, in his early letters, he appears at five-and-twenty. There were certain social virtues—equality, fraternity—which Taine was never to understand. He had not, perhaps, in an acute degree, the sense of patriotism. More than once politics will rend and perplex him as in 1851, and his horror of haste and injustice will again prevent him from identifying himself with either party. His Attic sense of fitness, wounded by realities, will more than once turn harsh and bitter on a recoil; an excessive love of formulas and classifications will grow upon him; but for probity, honor, candor, faithfulness, pureness of heart and mind, we shall not look upon his like again. His life and character were fashioned in a grand homogeneity; everything in the making of them fell harmoniously into place as in a fore-ordained design. An extreme sensibility was counterbalanced by an almost rigid love of method; an acquired prudence controlled a native audacity, reserve protected candor, tenderness softened resolution; and the result was a masterpiece.

We may, perhaps, regret that Taine did not push still further his studies in natural science; in no realm of human thought have the last fifty years produced so much variety; he might have found behind the classes and the systems he delighted in, the splendid anarchy of Nature; he would, perhaps, have seen that order is a quality in us, subjective, rather than in Her: that her immense confusion nowhere exhibits that fixity and oneness which haunt the human brain. Who knows whether the word of wisdom be not Renan's eternal *peut-être*!

Although, to our thinking, he crystallized too soon, Taine never lost the freshness of his interest in philosophical questions; he still accompanied untired the invisible Goddess. One of the last conversations I had with him was on that problem of the subconscious self, which he had debated in his *Théorie de l'Intelligence*; he eagerly followed the experiments of the Society for Psychical Research. He never ceased accumulating knowledge; if his mind had shaped and labelled the pigeon-holes somewhat prematurely, at least they always contained an extraordinary variety of information, from which the most recent was never excluded. Once he said to me, "Read every book of importance pen in hand; reduce eight chapters of your author to eight pages, resume those eight pages in eight lines. Better still if you can sum up your information in eight words!" His own brain was peopled with such abstracts, judgments, and definitions.

As from a Pisgah-height, in his last

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years he loved to survey the systems and civilizations of men. His nephew, M. André Chévrillon, has narrated, in a most remarkable article recently contributed to the *Revue de Paris*, his last visit to the dying philosopher. Taine was sitting in his study; suddenly he looked up and said: "Ah, men—men! How many men there have been! Of how many sorts and kinds and conditions! How many different ways of seeking happiness! How many ideas which have fashioned men into distinct societies."

And his dying gaze rested an instant on their variety.

In looking back towards that society of which M. Taine was a natural centre, I can but sigh to think how rare a place was this Europe of ours between 1880 and 1890. In England, George Eliot had left us—Darwin and Carlyle linger but an instant on the threshold; but there was Browning, there was Arnold, there was Tennyson, there was Ruskin. In Florence, one still might gather round one's hearth the survivors of a heroic generation. In France, Hugo and Pasteur, Taine and Renan, made such a quartet as few countries have seen. On the graves of each of these men we might carve Renan's epitaph: *Veritatem dilexit*. What was the ferment which produced them, and which is so much feebler in their successors? Was it the conviction that truth is to be had for the seeking, that work, not faith, is the key with which one day we may open the gates of the infinite Unknown?

Mary Duclaux.

(A. Mary F. Robinson.)

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER V.—MR. BARROWS MEETS AN
ENEMY.

In these new days of vast fabrics and world-wide advertisement, the Hotel Petersburg holds no prominent place in the public notice. Situated on the corner of a quiet square in Westminster, it appears to avoid rather than to court the attention of busy travellers. Perhaps for this reason it is almost unknown to the ubiquitous American; but it has, nevertheless, a standing of its own and a vogue which many a more pretentious house might envy.

Its proprietor is a native of that territory which, while Lusian in sentiment and by tradition, forms a small portion of the Russian dominions. After his emigration he kept his nationality well in view, and decided to bid for the patronage of his own people and their neighbors. Success rewarded him richly, and to his house came an ever-increasing stream of notables from Eastern Europe, with many others who had no claim to be described as notables at all, glad to find, at such a distance from home, their natural tastes thoroughly catered for and their natural, national, and sometimes their personal peculiarities fully comprehended. In this way the Hotel Petersburg held its own place securely; and if you knew that a Russian, Styrian, or Balkan personage had arrived in London, you might reasonably expect to find him established there.

To the "Petersburg," therefore, came Mr. Barrows, late in the day upon which he had resolved to take a second step in other people's affairs. Entering the vestibule in the somewhat unobtrusive manner which betrayed a comparative stranger to hotels and

their ways, he advanced to the office and inquired whether Count Philip Brode were staying in the house. The answer, as he had expected, was in the affirmative.

His success did not seem to give him any particular pleasure. "I wish to see him," he said, with an effort. "Is he in just now?"

An attendant was called, a splendid personage who dwarfed Mr. Barrows both in figure and in manner. He was able to answer the second question.

"Yes, sir; the young Count is in."

Had not Mr. Barrows been somewhat agitated he must have noticed the significance of the expression used. As it was he noticed nothing, but produced a card on which he had written the words "On important business" beneath his name. In a few minutes the man returned, to lead him upstairs.

It seemed but a moment more before he was standing within the doorway of a luxurious room on the first floor, facing the person he had come to see. Philip Brode had been reading an evening journal, and was standing in the window. He turned as the door was opened.

Mr. Barrows had known, of course, that he would meet the man whom he had seen in the cemetery. He saw the same face, the only difference being that the features were not now illumined by that species of evil triumph which had been so noticeable on the first occasion. Without this illumination they seemed heavier and older. The man was little over thirty; but his was a life in which every passion had moved unchecked. If Barrows thought of Edna at that moment he may have shuddered. Her mother had good cause for fear.

What the young man saw was what

all saw who looked at Mr. Barrows: a plain, middle-aged, and most unpretentious man, though possibly a gentleman. After the first glance, however, he knew that they had met before. Moving forward to a table, he laid his paper down and looked at his visitor questioningly.

"Good-evening, sir," said Mr. Barrows plainly.

"Good-evening," said the other, with a slight inclination of the head. "You wished to see me?"

It was a sufficient opening, and Mr. Barrows took it. "Yes, sir," he said; "I have come as a friend of the Countess Hamar."

This was a new note, and the younger man's attention was caught. He waited with a look which became intent.

"Circumstances," explained Mr. Barrows, "brought me into contact with the Countess some days back, and made me acquainted with her situation. As it happened, I had known the late Count Hamar, and felt bound to serve his family in their difficulties. At my suggestion they left London, and went to find quiet and rest in the country."

Mr. Barrows had schooled himself well. So far he had spoken without apparent emotion, and evenly. At that point, however, his opponent's face darkened and hardened.

"Ah!" he said abruptly. "So it was you?"

Mr. Barrows experienced an answering emotion. "Yes," he answered briefly but rather more firmly, "it was I; and I am now come to tell you what the Countess and her daughter desire, and what will be best. It is that you should cease to persecute her, because your attentions to her daughter are"—loathsome was the word that his rising anger suggested, but he thrust it aside—"because your attentions are distasteful."

"And by what right do you speak?" asked Count Philip, after a pause that seemed full of restrained wrath.

"I speak as one who has a right to assist two helpless women," answered Barrows, who was surprised to find himself master of his tongue, "one of whom you have already terrorized into a serious illness. I request an assurance that you will trouble her no further."

There was a longer pause. As he waited for his answer his detestation for the man he addressed seemed to gain new force. Equipped with some experience of character, he comprehended with vivid clearness the pure young girl's feeling of repulsion and her mother's dread. As for this anxious suitor, taken wholly by surprise, faced by a situation entirely unexpected, he was utterly at a loss. His anger could not find words; and probably his difficulty was the greater because it was necessary, as far as he knew, to find English words. His command of that language was not sufficiently complete to suit moments of emergency.

"And if I refuse?" he said at last hoarsely.

"If you refuse," said Mr. Barrows promptly, "it will be necessary to make you suffer. Things here are not as they are in—Styria. The law can do much, and beyond the law there is public opinion. It would not serve you, either here or at home, to have your conduct made public."

If Mr. Barrows had been forced to describe his attitude at that point in one word, he might have chosen the somewhat vulgar term "bluff." It was plain, nevertheless, that this attitude was the best for his purpose. For a moment or two the young man stared into his face, mute with rage and bewilderment; then he turned abruptly and walked to the window. Mr. Barrows sat down at the table.

Several minutes passed. Count Philip was plainly at a loss, and Mr. Barrows saw victory within his reach. As he had hoped, the enemy's ideas had been thrown into confusion by the discovery that his intended victims had a protector and a champion. He prepared one or two convincing remarks, and waited.

It was something from outside that changed the situation. As they waited in complete silence, they heard some one pass up the thickly carpeted corridor and open a door on the other side. Mr. Barrows heard but took no notice. The young man heard it, and started. One moment he gave to consideration, and then he spoke, harshly:

"Excuse me for one minute, sir."

Without waiting for a reply, he left the room. Apparently he crossed the corridor, to the door which had just been opened. Mr. Barrows heard him enter and close it behind him. Then silence fell.

This movement had taken the visitor somewhat by surprise. Naturally his thoughts flew to seek an explanation. Some one had entered a neighboring room, and the young man had gone to consult that person. Who could it be?

With the question came the answer, for only one answer seemed possible. As it came Mr. Barrows half-rose from his seat; then he sat down again, all his thoughts in confusion and alarm.

The minutes that followed were anxious ones to this would-be protector of women. He passed them in a pitiful state of indecision, now rising to move to the door, now taking his seat again to wait. To go was to throw away everything that he had come for; to stay, said Hope, was at least to have a chance. He was not quite certain; his idea might be a mistaken one. Yes, he must wait. So he waited. It might have been three minutes, it might have been ten; but the man that waited was scarcely the man who had

so forcefully delivered his ultimatum just before.

Presently the door was opened, and Philip Brode returned; but he brought with him the person whom he had gone out to consult.

The stranger was a man of something over sixty, but not an old man nevertheless: a man with scanty gray hairs brushed back from his brows, and a white, clean-shaven face showing a thousand lines and wrinkles. But there was no sign of age, either in impaired vigor or in dullness of intellect. Every movement was quick and alert, and the keen, hawk-like countenance was that of a master.

There was no ceremony in what followed. Mr. Barrows sat facing the door, and did not move at their entrance. The thing he had feared had now come to pass.

"This is the man," said Count Philip, in Lusian; and the new-comer, standing just within the threshold, looked at Mr. Barrows attentively. He had spent some thirty years of his life in the diplomatic service, and had not lost the effects of his training. If he felt any surprise, the fact could only be guessed from the length of his scrutiny. He took up a card which lay upon the table—Mr. Barrows's card. Looking again at its owner, he smiled.

"So," he said, "Mr. Barrows!"

As he spoke he sat down at the table, facing the man he addressed. In the silence his mind worked swiftly. Philip, leaving his case in abler hands than his own, retired to the window to watch. Mr. Barrows was pale and mute.

Count Brode soon came to a conclusion. He turned in his chair to address his son, speaking suavely and slowly. He was a man who never wasted a syllable.

"So, Philip," he said, "this is the gentleman who intervened. He speaks

to you of the law, and of something beyond the law. He threatens to make your business public—public!”

The young man nodded sullenly. His father turned to Mr. Barrows, his every word clean-cut and measured.

“Mr. Barrows, your name is one that I have heard before. There was a Mr. Barrows who was secretary to a man now dead. You, I take it, are the same person?”

It was a remark rather than a question, and Mr. Barrows made no answer. The Count went on:

“Then surely it was not discreet of you to speak of the law and the public. One might speak to the public of you, Mr. Barrows. One might ask the public to inquire”—he leaned forward over the table, and ended his sentence in a lower tone—“to inquire *how your master died.*”

Mr. Barrows opened his lips, but no words issued. He made a movement as if to rise, but a careless gesture from the Count seemed to force him back into his place. He might have been drawn as a picture of incarnate guilt.

Count Brode spent two minutes or so in deep thought. His fingers played with the slip of pasteboard, but otherwise he did not stir. Once he glanced at his son, who was watching the scene with quiet enjoyment. It was after that glance that the idea for which he had been seeking came to him suddenly.

“This is a very perplexing situation,” he said; “but I see a way out of it”; and he turned again to his son.

“Phillip,” he began grimly, “Mr. Barrows certainly has some claim to protect the persons we know. Mr. Barrows, nevertheless, is a man of honor, and he will no longer speak to you of law and of the public. As a man of honor, he perceives that there is another way.”

“And that way?” asked Phillip; for

no sign came from the other side of the table.

“The way we have in Styria,” answered the old man, “when two gentlemen seek one woman.”

His face was never more hawk-like than now, as he fixed his gaze upon Mr. Barrows. It was the look of one who loves cruelty for its own sake.

“To fight?” asked Phillip, with sudden intelligence; and his father nodded.

“You understand, Mr. Barrows?” he went on carefully. “This is a simpler and quieter way out of our difficulty. It is the best way, and indeed, the only way we can accept. We shall abide by the result as a matter of course. If fortune favor you, my son withdraws, and will trouble the Countess no more. On the other hand, if fortune favor my son, I take it that you will no longer stand in the way.”

There was no emphasis upon the last words, and only the man addressed could see their diabolical meaning. Mr. Barrows saw it, and spoke with dry lips. He was in the other man’s place now.

“And if I do not care to—to fight?”

“That,” said the Count, smiling, “will amount to the same thing. If you refuse, you will see it is impossible for you to meddle further. This is your opening. If you take it, whatever the result, no one shall know of your story. If you refuse, there is the law—and the public!”

A minute fled in silence; then the Count, as if weary, ended the interview.

“That is all, Mr. Barrows. We shall wait a week for your answer—yes, a week, for you shall have time to think. If you do not accept in a week, we shall know that you will not stand in the way. If you accept, we can make all further arrangements then. That is all.”

He rose, and stood at the table wait-

ing. Then Mr. Barrows rose, without a word, and fumbled for his hat and gloves upon the table. Finding them, he went hurriedly to the door, passed into the dusky corridor like a man half-blind or half-intoxicated, and so towards the stairs.

Count Brode, after closing the door, joined his son at the window. The old man was smiling at his own thoughts, perhaps at the recollection of Mr. Barrows's appearance in departing. His son searched his inscrutable face in bewilderment.

"And what does it all mean?" he asked. "What has that man done?"

The Count touched his shoulder half-playfully. "No questions, Philip," he said pleasantly. "No questions. You must trust me in this affair."

"But a duel?" said the young man. "Why did you arrange a duel?"

"Because, my son, you are a good

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swordsman and a splendid shot. That is a good reason."

There was some pride in his tone as he spoke. He admitted that his son lacked the gift of intellect, but he was accustomed, naturally, to look at what he had. These possessions suited the present occasion admirably.

"But," he said a moment later, "perhaps he will not accept—perhaps he will not come. And that—that will be just as well."

Philip seldom endeavored to search out his father's thoughts. There was a perfect confidence between this father and son, based on the son's sense of his own lack and his father's powers. So he asked no further questions, either by word or look; but even he could see that the Count was enjoying a season of triumph. His look was as of one who said, "My enemy is given into my hands."

W. E. Cule.

(To be continued.)

A FEBRUARY NOON.

'Tis a winter noon
And warm in the sun,—
But over the blue of the sky,
A pale ethereal film is spun,
That weaveth by and by,
The snow's soft mantle pure and white,
To enfold the grasses gray and dun,
When the shivering ranks of the flower-stalks,
And boxwood borders adown the walks,
Will nestle warm through the winter night—
For the storm when it comes, will come with might,—
It is the full of the moon.

The winds are silent, becalmed and still,—
Yet the icy breath of the air is chill,
Away from the warmth of this sheltered place,
And yon, where the evergreens interlace

The Garden-Wife.

Their branches, a little frost-bound lake,—
 In a dip in the lawn which the storm floods make,—
 Like a mirror of silver reflects the face,
 Of the tranquil heaven serene and high.

Never a sound of life comes here,
 In the Sabbath hush of the noonday hour,—
 Only a far away chanticleer
 Sounds a jubilant summerlike note to break
 The spellbound quiet that lingers nigh.
 But it is not summer for all his cheer,
 'Tis only the threshold of the year,—
 The second month of the New Year's birth—
 There is neither bud nor leaf nor flower,
 No warble of bird song that sweetly trills
 No piping of gauze-winged insect's mirth,—
 For the frozen slumber of winter stills
 The bounding pulses of earth.

C. D. W.

THE GARDEN-WIFE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ANSTRUTHER.

She who would nowadays be modish, it is necessary that she should cease to be a house-wife, and become a garden-wife. Socially speaking, there is a world of difference between the two, all the difference between being in the fashion and out of it.

The house-wife is a social incubus, the garden-wife a social success.

For generations the house-wife was a power in the land. People respected her, tolerated her, bore with her and were bored by her. Then suddenly she found herself deposed, treated with yawns and contumely, she and her conversation relegated to the background, and her throne usurped and occupied by the garden-wife, to whose flowery words everyone now listened with flattering smiles and with keenest and most courteous interest.

Another case of *la reine est morte, vive la reine*; the only point to be ar-

rived at is to discover wherein the social ruler of to-day differs from her predecessor of yesterday.

A certain cynic was heard to assert, not long ago, that there was no difference; that the only change was one of topic, the same woman migrating from the inside of her house to the outside, as did Mrs. Primrose from the blue bed to the brown; and the same cynic ventured to assert that herein lies little social gain to the listener, who is just as likely to be bored in the long run by one subject as by the other. But then, as everyone knows, a cynic is literally a dog, and oftentimes a dull one at that.

Where lives the man who would seriously maintain that it is not more interesting to listen for a whole dinner to a fair neighbor speaking her views on the value of various kinds of artificial manures, rather than listen, as

he would have had to in the old days, to a homily on the rival claims to economical consideration of the brisket and the silverside?

The garden-wife scorns domesticity in its ordinary aspects, but she adores her garden. Where her predecessor spoke of the butcher's price-list and the cost of joints, she will talk of the rose-grower's catalogue and the price of bulbs, and, scorning the scullery, she will linger tenderly over the amenities of the potting shed.

Never will she dream of talking of the delinquencies and vagaries of her hand-maidens—albeit the mere bond of a common humanity gives them a certain claim upon the interest of their fellow creatures—but for long hours, with a show of deepest interest, will she prate of the lovely fancies and features of her flowers, till almost one begins to think there may be a certain truth in the cynic's contention that it may be just as possible to be a bore when talking about gardeners as when talking about cooks, and that she who vapors about her garden may be quite as poor company as she who erstwhile vaunted herself in public over the details of her kitchen, though it is but fair to add that no such reactionary idea as this seems yet to have dawned upon a patient and a listening world.

Indeed, so secure in her social position is the garden-wife at this moment, that it were positively socially unsafe even to hazard the suggestion that the house-wife of the last generation and the garden-wife of to-day are in reality mother and daughter, bores. To be chained to a stake set in the midst of a heap of burning weeds, and be prodred to death by an infuriated crowd of garden-wives armed with expensive spuds and fancy garden tools, would assuredly be the fate of such a rash social leonoclast!

Far more discreet, ay and more poetical, is it for the Searcher after truth

to suggest that the present transformation of house-wives into garden-wives is only a beautiful example of atavism, an admirable throw-back to the ideal days of the Garden of Eden. No one will deny that Eve was pre-eminently a garden-wife in every sense of the word, and that had she lived to-day she would have found no difficulty in adapting her conversation to the topic of the moment. Hence is not the chain of evidence complete?

But did she, one wonders, ever identify herself with her Eden quite so entirely as does her fashionable descendant of to-day with her beloved garden, losing in it her very individuality?

Did she ever speak gravely and ambiguously to the serpent in the words used by a garden-wife of the present day to a neighboring bishop, she thinking quite innocently of her garden, he imagining that she referred to herself:

"Do come and see me one afternoon this week, for I'm really looking absolutely beautiful, and at this time of year one never knows, next week I may be quite knocked to pieces and ruined!"

And when the bishop—or the serpent—looked somewhat embarrassed and confused, did Eve merely think him rude, and, turning to her Adam lately returned from fighting boars, try to turn the subject by telling him, with tears in her voice, that she was simply wretched because she was quite eaten up with green fly!

Truly the study of the garden-wife for bishops, for serpents, and for Adams, has since those old Eden days been a life's work in itself. . . .

One great difference between Eve and the garden-wife of to-day is that Eve had no library, only stray leaves. The modern garden-wife has a literature of her own. Some people even aver that it created her. But this is a moot point which must be dealt with

by future anthropologists. The fact remains that she is at this moment a power in the book-buying world, and that the author who would write a book running to several editions has but to add another one to the line of single volumes bound in white vellum, dainty, wonderful, which to-day fill the bookshelves of every true daughter of Eve who has come into her heritage of a garden.

This is a fact which no author or publisher with an eye to business should overlook.

The book must be made according to a certain accepted formula. It may not deal with serpents, though worms and their habits may be freely discussed (Eve preferred serpents).

Its personal appearance is as important as that of a girl at her first ball. White trimmed with gold is the most satisfactory; but the chief thing to aim at is that it should be as dainty and delicate as possible, and thoroughly unsuitable to be handled and referred to by gardeners with earth-stained hands. As a suggestion for some future volume, it might give it a pseudo-realist appearance, without detracting from its daintiness, if the book-marker were made of a piece of bass and the book tied together with dainty bows of the same. The book must be pre-eminently suitable for a present, and it is well that it be published in the autumn season when Christmas is near. Its sale and success is then a matter of certainty.

As to its contents, they are a secondary matter. The chief thing to aim at is the creation of a book which shall be neither heavy, nor scientific, nor above all practical. It is far better that the author have not more than an elementary knowledge of gardening, otherwise he will be in danger of drifting into technical and therefore boring details which it should be his main object to avoid. What he must strive

for, is so to treat his subject that it shall prove attractive to the habitual reader of novels, remembering always that the garden-wife as a rule has been brought up on novels, and the abrupt drop from fiction to a mere gardening manual might prove too jarring for her literary nerves and even necessitate a rest cure from all printed matter.

The garden-wife demands a book which shall exquisitely combine fact and fancy, and what more charming and natural combination than *Love and Flowers*? The book almost writes itself; these are the lines on which it should run.

Let the author constitute himself a woman, a delicate woman for choice, living with an unsympathetic brother, and having some extraordinary complaint which can only be cured by its victim being enclosed for twelve consecutive months within the walls of a garden. This mysterious disease, whose treatment recalls the seclusion of a private lunatic asylum, is getting so common in gardening books that it really deserves to be taken up by the medical profession and given a scientific name. It is well by the way that the garden have four walls, and they should be of red brick if possible, as they make a good background for description.

Now introduce an old gardener who cannot read or write, but who makes inapposite remarks in some terrible local dialect, which is native to no known locality in the British Isles, but is a blend of Scotch, and Cockney, and South Coast. Add a neighbor or two, of the thick-skinned variety, who comes in for the sole purpose of being dissected or glibed at by her garden hostess, and who presumably enjoys such a welcome, since she comes not once but with wearisome reiteration. Drag in an antique doctor, who with classic wit is always spoken of as *Æsculapius*, add a curate to balance him, and bring in a small nephew or niece to act the

part of the *enfant terrible*, and so give a touch of comedy.

Having got these characters together, then write in the first person. This is essential, it causes the book at once to become *intime*. Write long wordy letters to some unfortunate imaginary man who is living a hard and practical life on the West Coast of Africa, or some unhealthy colony, and who presumably has fallen in love with the garden-lady because of her hopeless incapacity to do anything practical at all. Such a man would probably be thirsting for gossip and news of his friends, and word of what was going on at home in the way of sport; but in a garden book he is never humored by being told such frivolous things. He is treated in every letter to a story of perfect platitudes. The writer proceeds to fill many pages by stating in doubtful grammar the common things that every human being has to endure. She will mention how unpleasant it is to be called in the morning; how, because the boiler was furred, the bath water was not hot; what a nuisance it is that the blind cord is broken; and then, by way of being really interesting, she will burst into a graphic description of the miseries and mysteries of spring cleaning. Then she will give a recipe or two "culled from some dear old Herbal," for curing whooping-cough with spiders, or warts with snails boiled alive, and yet at the same time she will let it be clearly understood this letter (which will assuredly be over weight) is a Love Letter. This at first sight may seem a literary feat of some difficulty, as snails and love are not a usual or a happy combination, but experience has proved that it can be done.

A quotation or a proverb or two may be added with advantage in some such way as this:

"How true and beautiful are our dear old English proverbs! Did you

ever hear the one which I discovered in a sweet dirty old school copybook a few days ago in the village school whither I had gone to try and find out something about this Education Bill that everyone is making such a fuss about?

"The proverb was: '*A rolling stone gathers no moss.*'"

"I never realized the truth of it till last Wednesday week, when to test its truth, I surreptitiously threw a large stone down the path after our Vicar's wife, who had been paying me her weekly visit, and boring me as usual. She seemed a little surprised when she noticed what I had done, but then one's country neighbors are so dreadfully dense and never understand one's little ways! But as soon as she had slammed the garden door behind her—with unnecessary haste and vigor, I thought—I rang the dinner-bell, which I always keep beside my invalid garden couch, as I have often told you, and bade the white-capped parlormaid pick up the stone and bring it to me. My dear good old Joggles, will you believe me when I tell you that though that fair-sized stone had rolled quite five yards on the heels of my departing guest *there was no moss on it!* Isn't it wonderful and beautiful to think of? I have thought of nothing else all day, and I feel as though I had discovered a great truth! Do write up all over the walls of your log cabin, or bungalow is it?—I never can remember which people live in in Newfoundland—my dear quaint old proverb, '*A rolling stone gathers no moss,*' and whenever you read it think of me and the understanding vicar's wife!"

Other well-known proverbs and quotations may be treated in this fashion; indeed, it is an excellent way of making up the number of thousand words demanded by the rapacious publisher!

Then into this medley fling the garden. Prattle about its every aspect;

say that the grass is green, and that the laburnum is yellow, and that most of the trees have leaves on them; state that it is not unusual to have showers in April, and that when it rains everything is apt to get wet. Then drift from the lawn into the kitchen garden; describe that sweet little caterpillar found in the cauliflower in the morning, which was met again with a thrill of recognition, cooked inadvertently, in the same vegetable at lunch. Here is a field for sentiment which should not be neglected. Discuss a morning stroll about the onion bed, and, if short of material, describe with ungrammatical vividness the pungent smell of decayed cabbage. The modern Romeo has been trained to appreciate these realistic details, and recognizes that no Love Letter would be complete without them.

An exhaustive catalogue of all the flowers and weeds growing in a certain bed may then follow, mention early birds and worms, etc.—only the writer must not fail to call the flowers and the weeds and the birds, ay! the very worms themselves, by Latin names, *Myrsiphyllum asparagoides*, *Crataegus oxyacantha præcox*, *Ozothamnus rosmarinifolius*, *Dielytra spectabilis*, for the pages of every garden book must be well powdered by Latin names—in italics. This latter point is most essential to the success of the book, as otherwise it might go by default, and be set down by a careless reviewer, hurriedly glancing at it, as merely a foolish correspondence between two illiterate people, and not as “a charming book to be sincerely recommended to all who love their gardens!”

So much for the literature of the garden-wife, which really deserves a more serious study than this mere cursory notice. But in common justice, both to it and to her, it is but right to say that in this case, as in many others, another dear old proverb, “Exceptions

prove the rule,” also holds good. Not absolutely every garden-book depends entirely on its binding and get-up, and not absolutely every garden-wife belongs to the ancient and elastic order of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. There are certain volumes by Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, Miss Jekyll, and Mr. Robinson which appeal even to that *borné* and conventional person the professional gardener, and undoubtedly there is a great charm to be found in a real commonplace book written by a genuine enthusiast for house and garden. Such a book as the original *Pot Pourri* has a real fragrance of its own, though the recollection of its scent has unfortunately been spoilt by the countless jars of damp and mildewed rose-leaves with which the market has since been flooded.

Undeniable is it, too, that there are some garden-wives with whom one is acquainted, who not only possess considerable practical knowledge, and that mysterious attribute “the gardener’s thumb,” but who also leave a very dainty footprint, if not upon the sands of time, at least upon the good brown earth of their garden. There are some few women who use their garden as the material for a poem, putting into it all the delicate imagination and fantasy which if they were poets they would put into their writings, or, if painters, paint into their pictures.

Rather wonderful in its way, and typical of this kind of poem-garden, is a garden which grows not round, but in, an old ruined house, whose roof is the open sky.

Centuries ago the house was the home of some of the great people of the land, but upon the place some enemy flung curse of death and flame, and gradually the family shrank and dwindled away till there was left only the old lord and his wife and a young grandson to whom the place should come. But his country claimed the

boy, and he went to the wars, and from the day he left his home was never heard of more. The old people sat on alone, watching the flames dance up the wide chimney in the hall and waiting for him to come. But they waited in vain, and years passed and both the old people died, and only certain ancient family servants were left in the house to await the boy's return; and every evening at nightfall they lighted the fire in the great hall, that when he came back he might find light and warmth. Winter succeeded winter and still he never came, and the servants grew older and less able for their work; and then it fell about that the curse on the family was fulfilled, and one December night a burning log rolled out of the open fireplace and the old house rose up in flames. Only the grey stone walls, smoke-blackened, remained upstanding, rising roofless to the sky. In summer time the swallows nested above the broken mullioned windows; in winter time the snow-flakes floated through the rooms, and after a while young trees and saplings forced their way between the paving stones of the inner courtyard, and their branches made green screens in the empty doorways.

So in the middle, now of ploughed land, now of a field of turnips, according to the rotation of the crops, the house stood desolate, uninhabited except by birds, and falling year by year into greater disrepair, till it chanced one day a garden-wife passed by and she saw in it the material for a poem. Beneath her hands a carpet of spring flowers sprung out of the parquet of green grass that covered the floor of the great hall, wallflowers made golden decoration for the walls, and in the deep old fireplace, where in past days flames of fire had risen, she set great lilies of flame, or in the spring time let pale snowdrops rest like white ashes on the empty hearth.

Within the enclosing wall of the bakery she caused the corn to grow in golden yellowness. Hops wound their tendrils round the broken windows of the brew-house, and in the kitchens, where in old days the scullions and the wenches had their work, she planted many sweet-smelling herbs like thyme and sage and thrift. Against the cellar door she set a little vine, whose deep-stained leaves in autumn recalled the generous color of the vanished wine.

Joy-weed she put wherever she could find a place, and over the lintel of the ruined entrance to the house she wreathed a thick tangle of white traveller's joy to give perpetual welcome and happy greeting to all who came that way. Lords and ladies in scarlet and in green she grouped upon the broken stairs: old man stood in one doorway, sweet william upon another threshold, and things with lovely names like Rosemary and Columbine grew there once more and gave sweetness and color to the house. But most of all her thought she spent upon M'Lady's Chamber, filling it with all the flowers that echo Life and Love—love in a mist, then passion flower, and love in idleness, and love lies bleeding, and last of all forget-me-not. And many other fancies, which are the fancies of a poet, did this garden-wife weave into her ruined house of flowers, till it became each year less like a garden and more like some strange dream of beauty and of mystic symbolism.

Such a garden-wife is, however, as little typical of the majority of garden-wives as is her garden of the majority of gardens, and though she might have lived among her flowers for many years she would probably feel totally incompetent to talk coherent shop to the fashionable garden-wife of the moment. She would most likely only sit in dull silence, listening.

Two garden-wives meeting always start with a chorus of admiration about gardens in general, during which one vies with the other in rolling out Latin names with, usually, the wrong terminations. They then descend to particulars of roots and bulbs, and the chorus ends by one bidding the other come over and see her own special garden, particularly her herbaceous border.

The herbaceous border is always the *clou* of the garden-wife's garden, no matter how formal may have been the original style and design. She regards it as her own special domain.

"Oh yes, I look after it entirely myself. Of course I get the gardener to weed it, and manure it, and to do all those tiresome dirty sort of things that merely break one's back, and of course when I am working in it, the garden boy has to come and clear up after me, but except for that I do it entirely myself, entirely."

"The result you get is certainly wonderful," the neighboring garden-wife replies with two-edged discretion, as she looks with fashion-trained eye of jealousy at the mass of common things growing rankly, at the fearful medley of color called the herbaceous border, in which magneta and orange, bright blues and purples, curse and swear in unfriendly proximity.

"You think so? I must admit it is different from when I took it over; bedding-out everywhere! Those dreadful ribbon borders! Nothing but Geraniums, and Lobelias, and Calceolarias everywhere!"

"Those awful things!" the echoing wife replies. The garden-wife hates Geraniums, Lobelias, and Calceolarias; they represent the old *régime*, when the gardener gardened, before she took to following out of doors the last expiring effort of the decadent house-wife within doors, who put the kitchen-dresser in the drawing-room because it was

old and oak, just as she in the garden puts the globe-artichoke in the flower-garden because it is coarse and loud.

Garden-wives are the most fashionable form of Mutual Admiration Society, though their method of expressing their appreciation is somewhat primitive, and recalls the habits of the Mendicant Orders of the middle ages.

From garden to garden the garden-wife goes, blatantly begging.

"Do give me a little bit of that." "I should so like it, if I might have a scrap of this." "I have none of those, might I have some of yours," is the burden of her song. Does it ever occur to her, one wonders, how odd it would sound if she proceeded in like nature within doors and demanded of her host his cherished little bit of Battersea enamel; or of her old-fashioned hostess a tiny scrap of that curtain to cover a chair with; or suggested to some old-fashioned dowager that she would so like an inch or two of her rope of pearls because she had none of her own . . . But this is only another instance of the social truth that what is wrong in one place is quite right in another, for nowadays to go round a garden without begging for something is considered almost rude, and shows a lamentable lack of intelligent appreciation on the part of the guest.

The one person with whom the garden-wife is not as a rule on terms is the gardener. His view of her is the view of the *Ancienne Noblesse* of France towards the invading people. He regards her as an ignorant upstart encroaching on his own property, and doubtless some of her experimental ways are somewhat startling to his conventional habits. One cannot but accord a little sympathy to the old-established gardener who saw his own well-trained garden-boy taken from him by a philanthropic garden-wife whose craze was waifs and strays, and a little town-bred urchin who knew

not a spade from a spud given him to help him do the garden work.

Can one do otherwise than sympathize with him when in a certain dry summer, when water was as precious as wine, after having furnished the boy with a watering-can and rose and bidden him water the garden—as being the simplest job he could find for untried labor—he returned to find the beds dry as dust and the gravel path one mass of mud and slush, as though a spate had been, and the precious water all wasted; and when he turned upon the London urchin and rebuked him in no measured terms to be met with: "Water, I should think I 'ave watered. Turned myself into a bloom-in' watering cart, that I 'ave, a'watering the road all the evening. Never see'd a watering cart down 'ere in this blessed country, I s'pose."

There are some situations where no mutual understanding is possible.

To hear the conversation of the garden-wife while walking in her rose garden is seriously to misdoubt her assertion that since she took to gardening she no longer discusses people and never dreams of gossiping about her friends and neighbors. The following fragments of dialogue were overheard the other day by an old-fashioned and literal-minded housewife, who, clad in the clothes of the frump, humbly followed in the wake of two charming and beautifully dressed garden-wives.

"Ah! dear old Maria Finger! so you know her. Very sweet and useful and all that, but not much to look at. I don't think any one could really love her, do you. . . ."

"As for the Bride, she's a sport, nothing else. . . ."

"That over there? That's Francisca Kruger. Did you ever see anything so yellow? Over there, I mean, by Mrs. W. J. Grant—the one who is all the

fashion just now, you know. I must say I can't understand it myself, for I think she's hideous—so floppy and untidy."

"Almée Vibert, she's a rampant climber; if I were you I should beware of her."

"Surely you must know that Mrs. John Laing takes a lot of liquid, do look at her color; and Rosa Rugosa is of very coarse habit, greedy's not the word for her!"

"Céline Forestier is a real worry, she's taken to shooting in every direction. She's the fastest thing I know."

"Lady Mary Fitzwilliam is a dwarf, so they tell me."

"I've cut Viscountess Folkestone, I did it deliberately this morning. There was nothing else for it, and as to William Allen Richardson, I've turned him out altogether."

"Standards, my dear! You don't mean to say you worry about them? I got rid of mine years ago. They're so tiresome, always giving trouble; don't you agree with me? Life's been a different thing since I gave up having standards! Standards are not at all the fashion nowadays, I assure you!"

Small wonder that the neglected and despised house-wife, who walked behind, listening to the so-called ungodly conversation of the popular garden-wife, felt really shocked, and thought regretfully of the good old days when people listened to her with respectful interest as she said in tones as important as though she were announcing that the end of the world had come:

"Have you heard that Miss Muffet has quite lost her complexion, and Mrs. John Bull's cook was dead drunk last night?" and in a hoarse whisper: "Do you know what Mrs. Grundy has found out?"

Autre temps, autres mœurs.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Among the novels which are included in the spring announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are "His Daughter First" by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, "The Mannerings" by Alice Brown, "A Daughter of the Pit" by Margaret Doyle Jackson, and "Cap'n Simeon's Store" by George S. Wasson, a story of deep sea fishermen.

In deciding against Mr. Kipling in the suit which he brought against the Messrs. Putnam for infringement of copyright and trademark, the United States Court incidentally delivered itself as follows on the use of trademarks to protect literary work:

The proposition that an author can protect his writings by a trade mark is unique and somewhat startling. It is certainly offensive to æsthetic and poetic taste to place such poems as "The Recessional" and "The Last Chanty" in the same category with pills and soap, to be dealt with as so much merchandise.

Mr. Israel Gollancz, secretary of the new British Academy, takes a highly serious view of the scope and possibilities of that institution. Being asked "What do you expect to do as an Academy?" he answers:

As regards that subject there will, of course, be the question of transactions to be considered, important discoveries and literary enterprises, which will all come before and be discussed by the Fellows; there may be rewards and encouragements and diplomas to be awarded, the due recognition of great achievements in the world of learning. But most important of all is the fact that there is now a body to which workers throughout the whole empire—and foreigners also—may look for the

hall-mark of merit. Learning, exact scholarship, high achievement, will no longer go unnoticed and unrewarded. It will be the duty, as it should also be the high privilege of the Academy, to call attention to and to confer honor upon all those who distinguish themselves in the world of literary science—on these things too depends the glory of the British name.

If Mr. Howells were to have his way, girls would read poetry and fiction "least and last." Comparatively few, probably, err now-a-days in reading poetry to excess, but as to fiction, that is another matter. Mr. Howells places among the indispensable elements of a girl's reading "history, biography, travels, studies in the speculative and exact sciences, and philosophical and critical essays." One might almost imagine him to be jesting. Further, he has this to say about novels,—all in Harper's Bazar:

Most novels are worse than worthless, not because they are wicked, but because they are silly and helplessly false. Among the worst of the worse than worthless are the historical novels, which pervert and distort history, not so much because the authors are wilfully indifferent to the facts, as because they have not the historical sense. A very, very few novels in this kind are above contempt, but these are so good that they redeem all their kind. Some of Scott's (but not many), Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," Tolstoy's "War and Peace," D'Azeglio's "Niccolò de' Lapi," and the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian treating of the Napoleonic campaigns are books of such superlative excellence as to give one pause in any headlong censure of the class they dignify. . . . But when a poor girl has read them, what shall she do? Go on

from them to worse novels? By no means; she must go back to the best, and read them again and keep reading them, and them only.

The Academy announces that a *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, in two volumes, written by a man of letters who has made a life-long study of his subject, is well advanced and will certainly be published this year. Apropos of this announcement, the *London Morning Advertiser* prints the passages from Lord Beaconsfield's will which bear upon documents and their custody, and draws the conclusion that it is clear that "Lord Beaconsfield did not intend the *Life* to appear for many years after his death," and that "the King's consent would have to be obtained before the correspondence with Queen Victoria could be published." In an admirable leader upon the subject the writer says:—

Twenty-four years have passed since Lord Beaconsfield set his name to this document, and twenty-one years since he died. In the absence of an authorized life, the loss of which we naturally deplore, the name of Benjamin Disraeli tends to become the centre of a myth rather than the label of an individuality. He lives—and possibly he may have desired to live—as a memory, as the expression of an idea. Was it the exquisite cunning of his statesmanship which framed a will so binding and so exacting as to make the revelation of his real self almost impossible, even twenty years after his death?

In "A Captive of the Roman Eagles," Mary J. Safford offers to American readers a most acceptable translation of Felix Dahn's novel, "Bissula." Prof. Dahn's reputation as a scholar is guarantee of the historical value of his fiction, but it has a literary charm and a human interest not always to be found in the work of scholars. A

story of the fourth century, the action takes place on the northern shore of Lake Constance, following the struggle between the Roman forces and the rebellious Alemanni. The heroine is a wilful, little German girl, beloved by a young chieftain of her own tribe, and by a Roman tribune of maturer years; the plot is full of incident; the opposing races are finely contrasted; and the ardent patriotism of the German leaders is described with great spirit. One does not often take up a more readable book. A. C. McClurg & Co.

An intensely vivid and realistic story of sea-faring life is that told by Basil Lubbock in "Round the Horn Before the Mast," which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish. Just arrived at San Francisco after a winter in the Klondyke, the narrator—a young Englishman of the athletic adventurous type—signs for the homeward voyage on the four-masted barque *Royalshire*, from Glasgow, loading grain for the British Isles. Six weeks spent in waiting for her cargo give a glimpse of the sailor's experiences in port; the routine on board ship and the incidents that diversify it—deck-washing, sail-shifting and turns at the wheel, hard tack, pea-soup and "cracker-hash," cariboo bags and oilskin coats and devices for keeping bunks dry, pipes and tobacco shared, discussions and chantes, accidents, ailments and remedies, albatrosses, Cape pigeons, flying-fish and sharks, the handling of the ship in a gale, and the gathering of "wind-jammers" in a South Atlantic calm—all are graphically described; while the characters of the officers and seamen are so distinctly drawn that the reader loses sight of them with real regret when the *Royalshire*, after a voyage of exactly four months and a day, finds herself first in the Mersey of all the 'Frisco grain-fleet.

AT AN OUTPOST.

The panting land that swims in light,
 The jungle scream that tears the night,
 The tropic dust, the tropic smell,
 The sights and sounds I know so well
 Are strangers yet,
 For in my heart beats evermore
 The surf upon an island shore
 The North seas fret.

You grant no place for sentiment
 Where common-sense is prepotent,
 Yet is it altogether weak
 To hear sometimes the silence speak
 Across the foam,
 To see where beds of mist lie low
 The moonlight sleep on Christmas
 snow,
 The fields of home?

'Tis joy to know and strength to feel
 'Tis blood that rules, and not bare
 steel;
 That truth and justice hold a sway
 Which lasts beyond the fighter's day;
 I count it pride
 That here, for heathen eyes to see,
 The lessons of my mother's knee
 Are still my guide.

The Empire's built within our hearts,
 We fashion there its shape and parts,
 As its foundations deep were laid
 In sacrifices gladly made,
 Then happy I,
 If in its splendid eastern wing
 I set a stone for God and King
 Before I die.

Henry Woolley.

The Spectator.

A GRANDMOTHER'S GIFT.

["I am having the little grave and cross
 of our baby Pamela here made lovely
 with wreaths and holly for to-morrow,
 Christmas Day. I can't bear somehow to
 think of the other children all happy in
 St. Andrew's with their Christmas tree
 and their toys and joys, and this little one
 lying in the cold far away, silent and
 alone."—Extract from a letter.]

Soft dimpled cheeks, and shining eyes
 of blue,
 Wee clinging hands, and tiny tender
 feet,

That bore no burden, since they never
 grew
 To climb the stairs or patter down
 the street;
 And ah, the baby smile that came
 and went
 Like a meek spirit bright and inno-
 cent.

These still are with me, though my
 aged eyes
 May never see them, and these arms
 no more
 Meet the small arms that spread in
 glad surprise,
 Or clasp the living shape that once
 they bore.
 Yet in the night I sometimes wake
 and start
 To feel the dead child plucking at
 my heart.

Poor little soul so silent and alone!
 Lapped in the cold obliterating earth,
 Her golden head beneath a cross of
 stone,
 Low now she lies; and I who watched
 her birth
 And held her in my arms can only
 give
 Flowers to her grave, and thoughts
 less fugitive.

Yet, while her brothers and her sister
 play
 Warm in their home that fronts the
 Northern Sea,
 And laugh and sing the Christmas-tide
 away,
 They have my smiles, but she my
 memory.
 Oh, blithe young voices, I may hear
 you yet,
 But not her voice whom I may not
 forget.

She too shall have her gifts: these
 hands shall spread
 (Tread soft, speak low!) her coverlet
 of moss
 With fragrant violets, and by her head
 Holly shall wreath and cluster round
 her cross.
 So the white stone shall to the dead
 child be
 My sign of love, her little Christmas
 tree.

R. C. Lehmann.

The Speaker.

